MARVEL COMICS
PRESENTS

№22 Mar 12th 1980
Every Thursday 12p

Comic Strips! Features! Pin-Ups!

DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

TOP SECRET

FILE ON UNIT

BEGINS THIS WEEK!

HG WELLS'
FIRST MEN IN THE MOON

PLUS TWO OTHER GREAT COMIC STRIPS!

ALSO INSIDE
SILURIANS
THE TIME MEDDLER!
THE STAR BEAST

DOCTOR WHO

PIN-UP

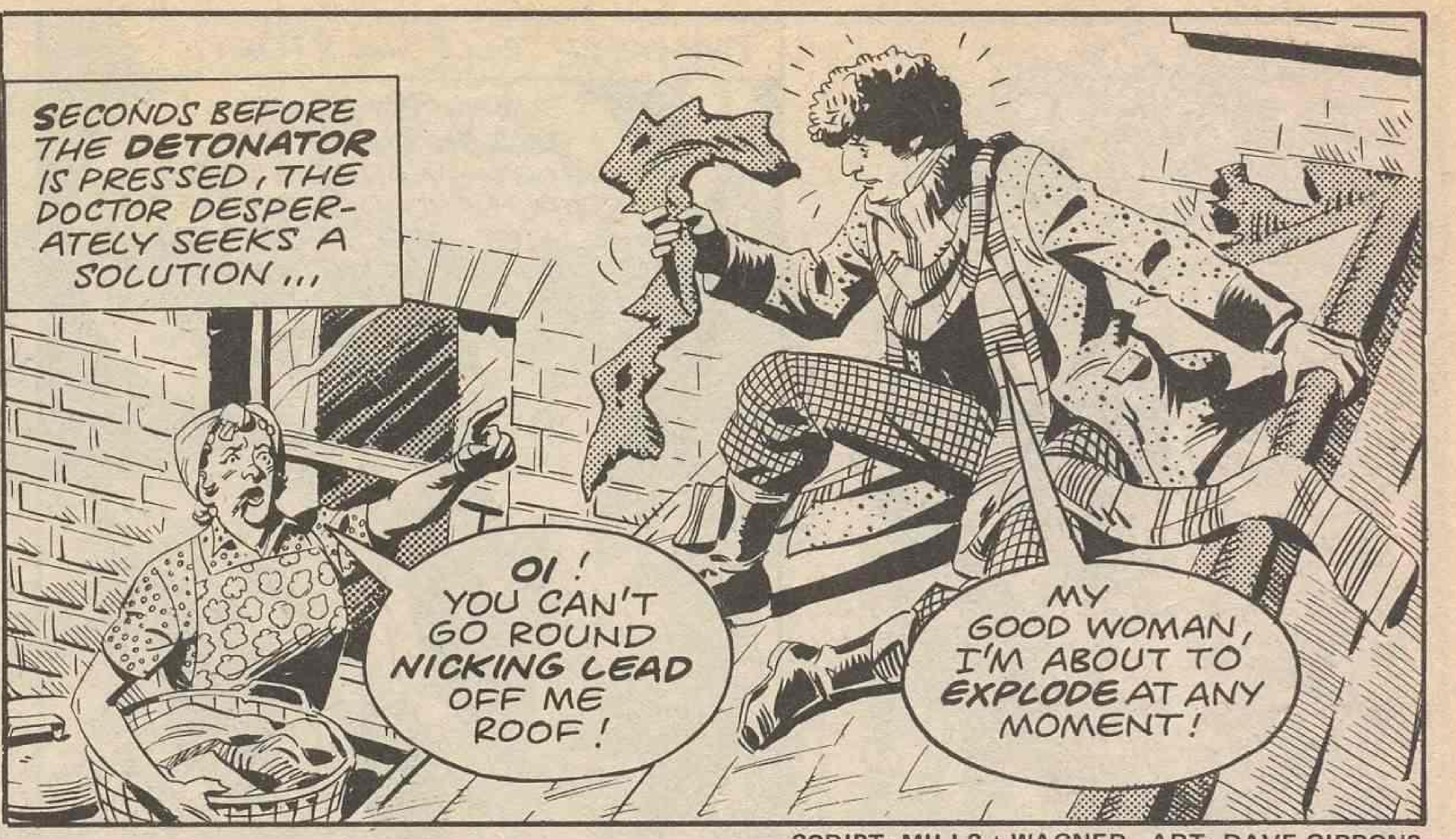
Tom Baker as the Doctor in the Dr Who adventure "The Stones of Blood".

Stan Lee presents

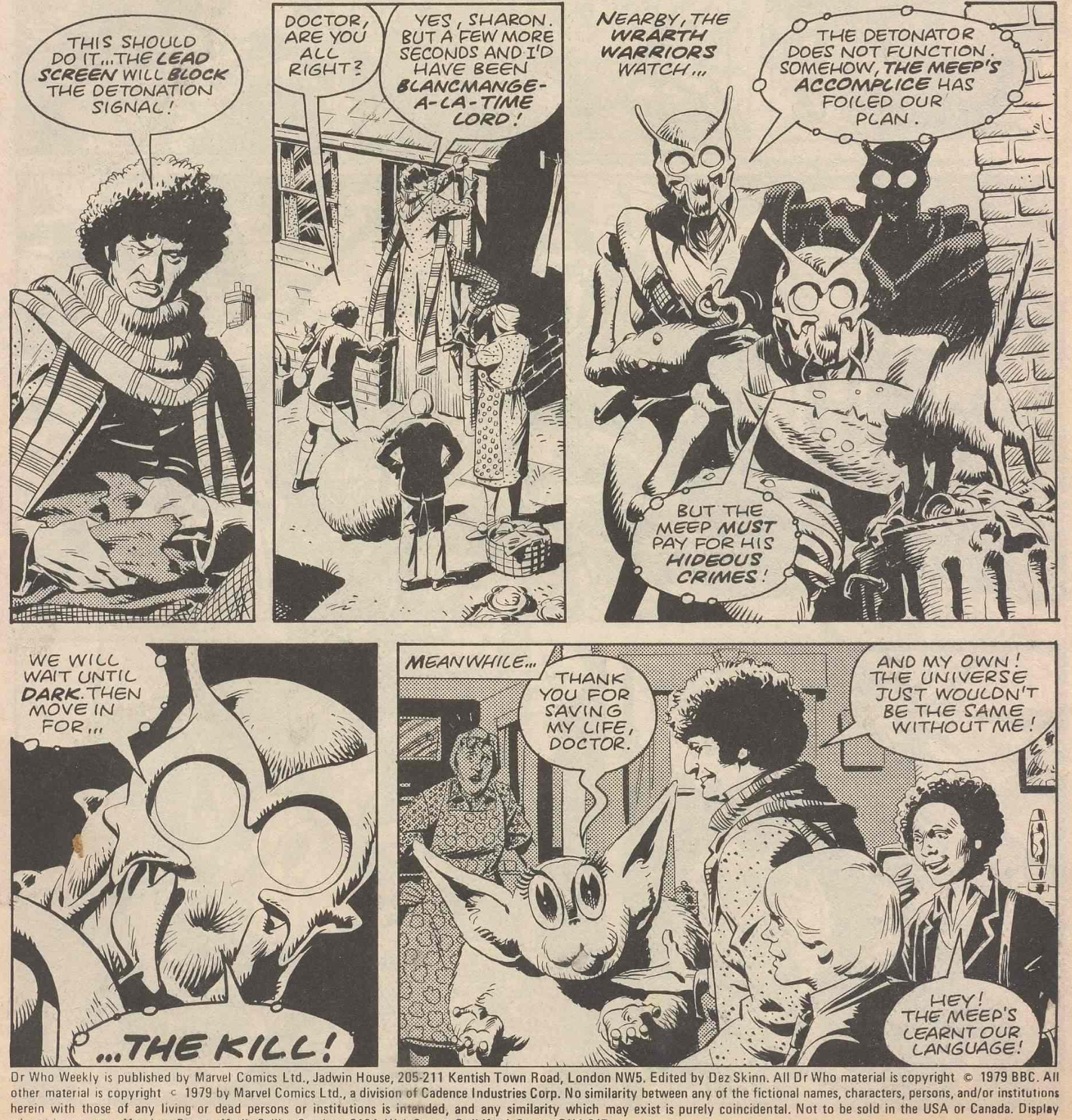
DOCTOR WHO

AND THE STAR BEAST

A MYSTERIOUS ALIEN — KNOWN AS 'THE MEEP' — HAS CRASH-LANDED IN BLACKCASTLE, WHERE HE IS HELPED BY THE DOCTOR AND TWO CHILDREN, BUT THE WRATH WARRIORS — BITTER ENEMIES OF THE MEEP — HAVE PLANTED A BOMB INSIDE THE DOCTOR AND ARE READY TO DETONATE IT!


SECONDS BEFORE THE DETONATOR IS PRESSED, THE DOCTOR DESPERATELY SEEKS A SOLUTION...
OI! YOU CAN'T GO ROUND NICKING LEAD OFF ME ROOF!
MY GOOD WOMAN, I'M ABOUT TO EXPLODE AT ANY MOMENT!

SCRIPT: MILLS + WAGNER ART: DAVE GIBBONS.


THIS SHOULD DO IT... THE LEAD SCREEN WILL BLOCK THE DETONATION SIGNAL!
DOCTOR, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES, SHARON. BUT A FEW MORE SECONDS AND I'D HAVE BEEN BLANCMANGE-A-LA-TIME LORD!
NEARBY, THE WRARTH WARRIORS WATCH...
THE DETONATOR DOES NOT FUNCTION. SOMEHOW, THE MEEP'S ACCOMPLICE HAS FOILED OUR PLAN.
BUT THE MEEP MUST PAY FOR HIS HIDEOUS CRIMES!
WE WILL WAIT UNTIL DARK. THEN MOVE IN FOR...
...THE KILL!
MEANWHILE...
THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE, DOCTOR.
AND MY OWN! THE UNIVERSE JUST WOULDN'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT ME!
HEY! THE MEEP'S LEARNT OUR LANGUAGE!

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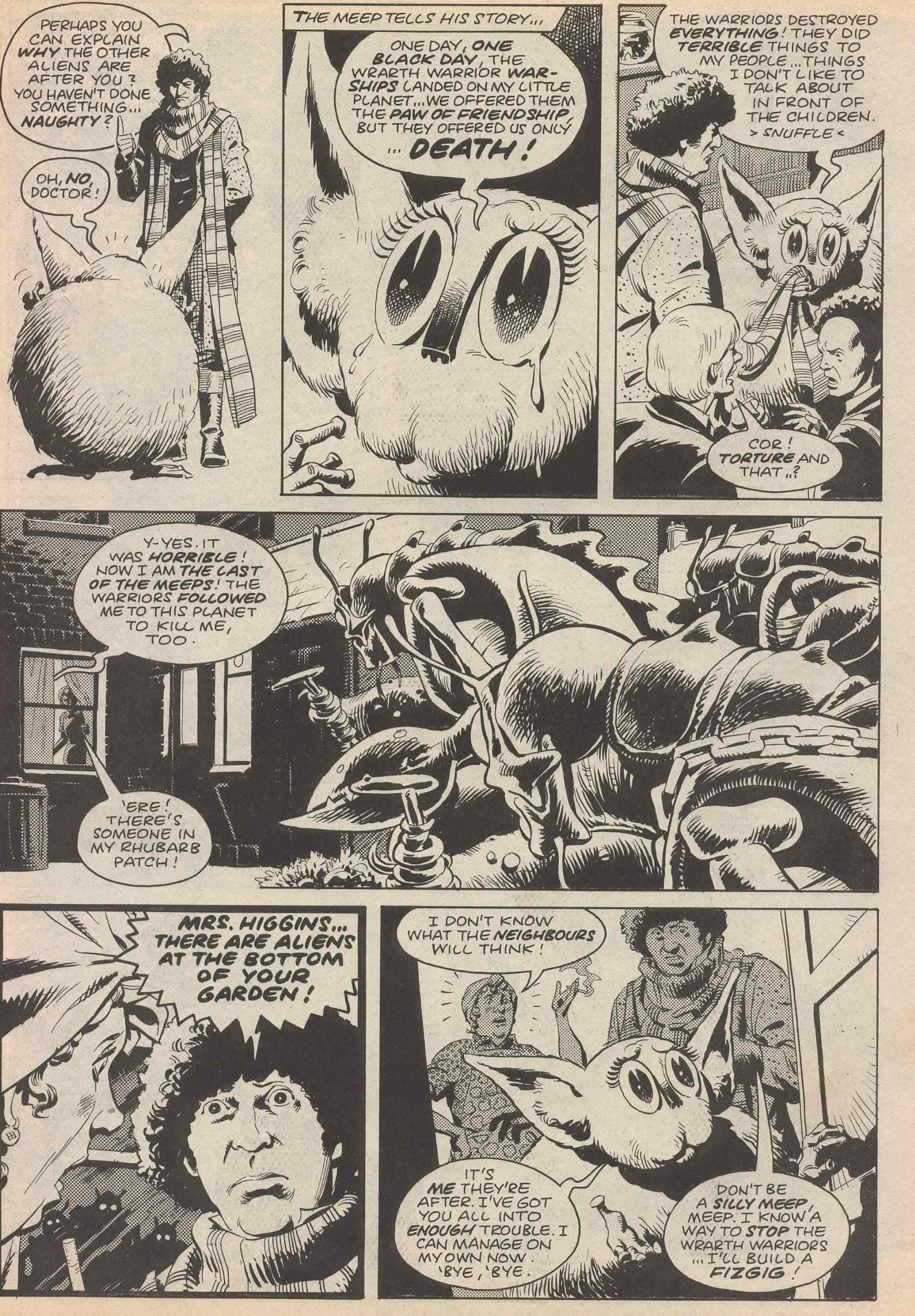
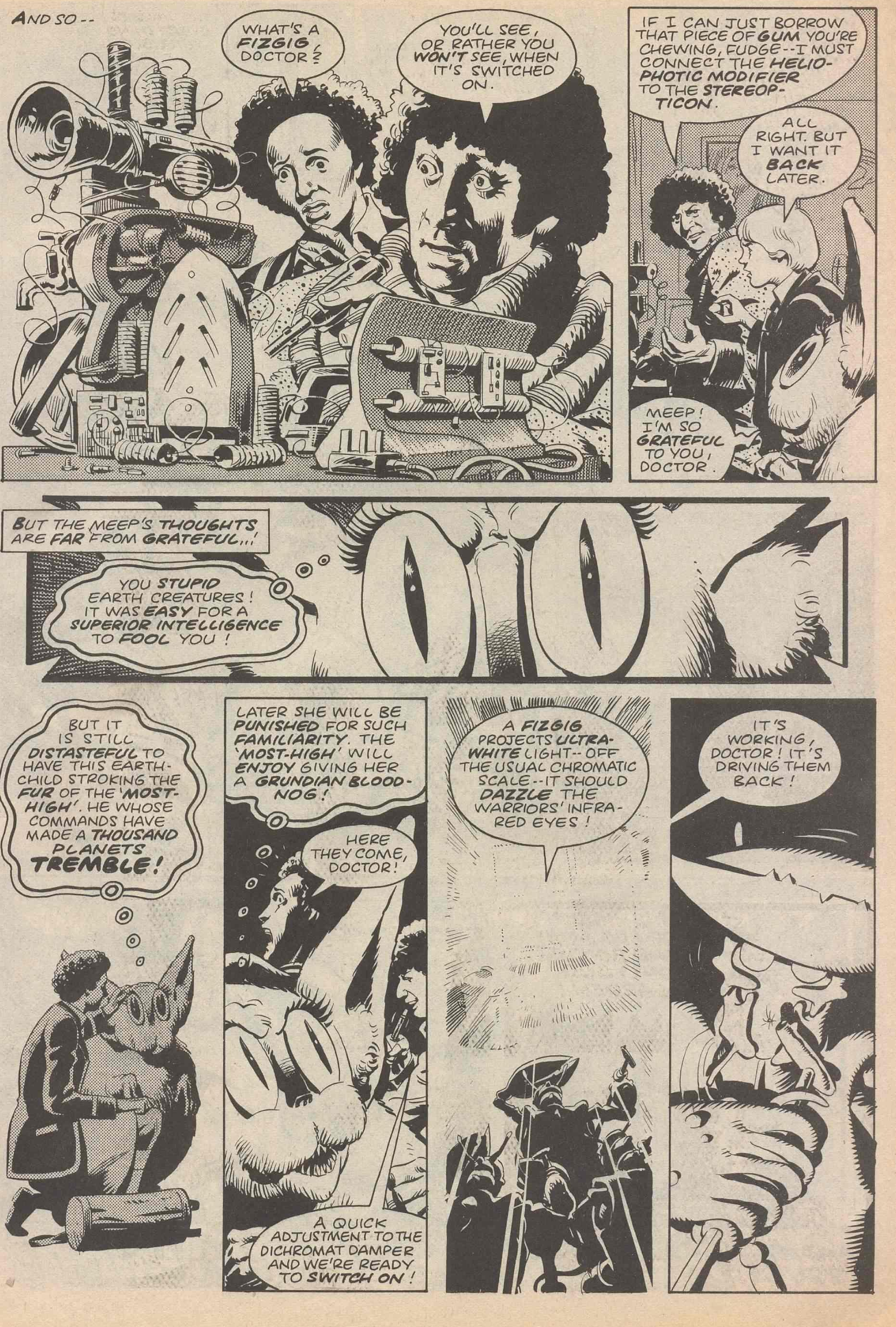
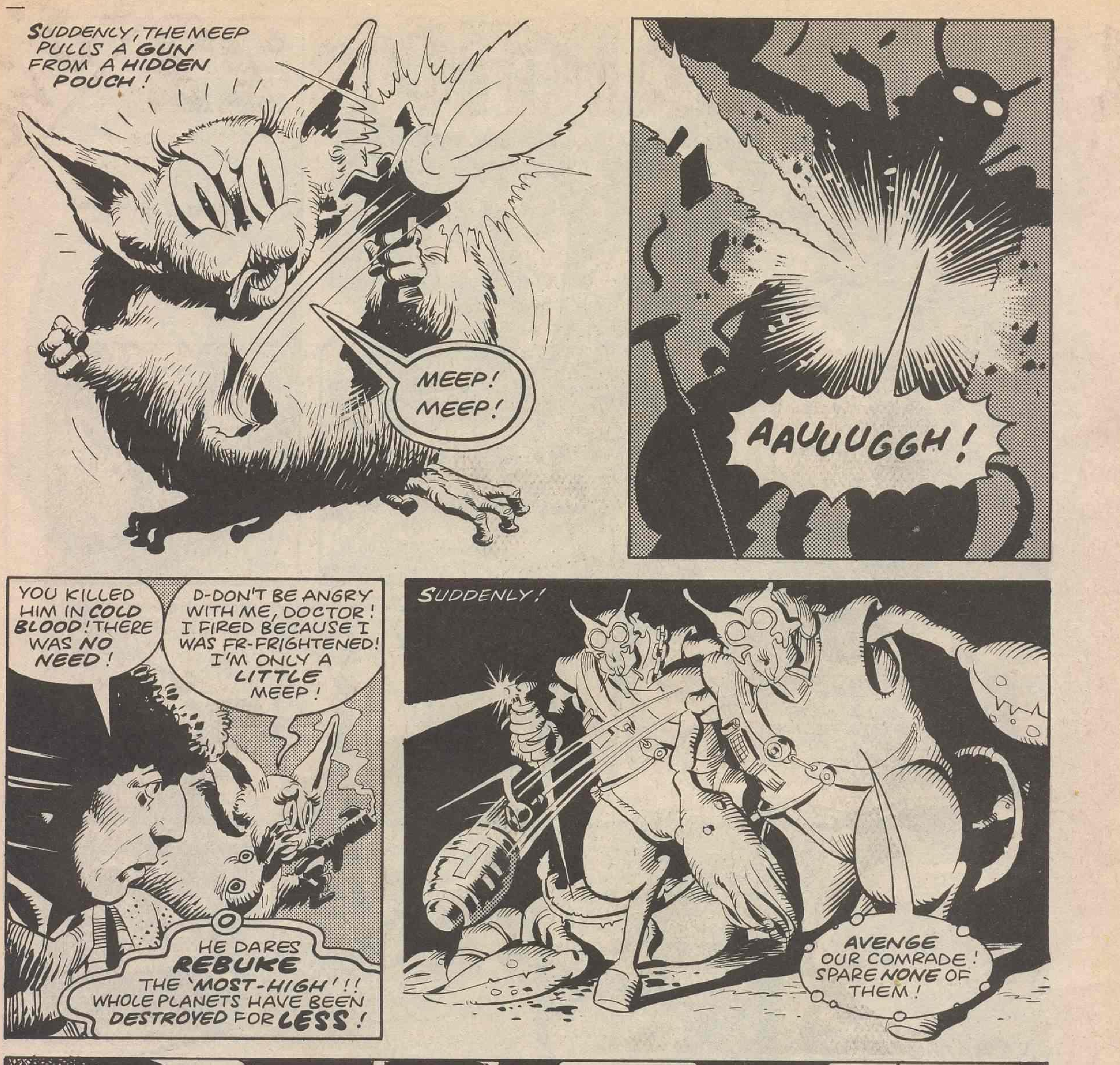

PERHAPS YOU CAN EXPLAIN **WHY** THE OTHER ALIENS ARE AFTER YOU? YOU HAVEN'T DONE SOMETHING... **NAUGHTY**?
OH, **NO**, DOCTOR!
THE MEEP TELLS HIS STORY...
ONE DAY, **ONE BLACK DAY**, THE WRARTH WARRIOR **WARSHIPS** LANDED ON MY LITTLE PLANET... WE OFFERED THEM THE **PAW OF FRIENDSHIP**, BUT THEY OFFERED US ONLY ... **DEATH**!
THE WARRIORS DESTROYED **EVERYTHING**! THEY DID **TERRIBLE** THINGS TO MY PEOPLE... THINGS I DON'T LIKE TO TALK ABOUT IN FRONT OF THE CHILDREN. > SNUFFLE <
COR! **TORTURE** AND THAT..?
Y-YES. IT WAS **HORRIBLE**! NOW I AM **THE LAST OF THE MEEPS**! THE WARRIORS **FOLLOWED** ME TO THIS PLANET TO KILL ME, TOO.
'ERE! THERE'S SOMEONE IN MY RHUBARB PATCH!
MRS. HIGGINS... THERE ARE ALIENS AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR GARDEN!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE **NEIGHBOURS** WILL THINK!
IT'S **ME** THEY'RE AFTER. I'VE GOT YOU ALL INTO **ENOUGH** TROUBLE. I CAN MANAGE ON MY OWN NOW. 'BYE, 'BYE.
DON'T BE A **SILLY MEEP**, MEEP. I KNOW A WAY TO **STOP** THE WRARTH WARRIORS ... I'LL BUILD A **FIZGIG**!


AND SO --
WHAT'S A FIZGIG, DOCTOR?
YOU'LL SEE, OR RATHER YOU WON'T SEE, WHEN IT'S SWITCHED ON.
IF I CAN JUST BORROW THAT PIECE OF GUM YOU'RE CHEWING, FUDGE -- I MUST CONNECT THE HELIO-PHOTIC MODIFIER TO THE STEREOPTICON.
ALL RIGHT. BUT I WANT IT BACK LATER.
MEEP! I'M SO GRATEFUL TO YOU, DOCTOR.
BUT THE MEEP'S THOUGHTS ARE FAR FROM GRATEFUL...!
YOU STUPID EARTH CREATURES! IT WAS EASY FOR A SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE TO FOOL YOU!
BUT IT IS STILL DISTASTEFUL TO HAVE THIS EARTH-CHILD STROKING THE FUR OF THE 'MOST-HIGH'. HE WHOSE COMMANDS HAVE MADE A THOUSAND PLANETS TREMBLE!
LATER SHE WILL BE PUNISHED FOR SUCH FAMILIARITY. THE 'MOST-HIGH' WILL ENJOY GIVING HER A GRUNDIAN BLOOD-NOG!
HERE THEY COME, DOCTOR!
A QUICK ADJUSTMENT TO THE DICHROMAT DAMPER AND WE'RE READY TO SWITCH ON!
A FIZGIG PROJECTS ULTRA-WHITE LIGHT -- OFF THE USUAL CHROMATIC SCALE -- IT SHOULD DAZZLE THE WARRIORS' INFRA-RED EYES!
IT'S WORKING, DOCTOR! IT'S DRIVING THEM BACK!


SUDDENLY, THE MEEP PULLS A GUN FROM A HIDDEN POUCH!
MEEP! MEEP!
AAUUUGGH!
YOU KILLED HIM IN COLD BLOOD! THERE WAS NO NEED!
D-DON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME, DOCTOR! I FIRED BECAUSE I WAS FR-FRIGHTENED! I'M ONLY A LITTLE MEEP!
HE DARES REBUKE THE 'MOST-HIGH'!! WHOLE PLANETS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED FOR LESS!
SUDDENLY!
AVENGE OUR COMRADE! SPARE NONE OF THEM!
THE FIZGIG'S DESTROYED... EVERYONE OUT! SHOO!
WE'LL LOOK AFTER YOU, MEEP!
THE 'MOST-HIGH' WILL USE THE DOCTOR AND THE OTHERS TO HELP HIM ESCAPE... THEN THEY SHALL ALL DIE... HORRIBLY!

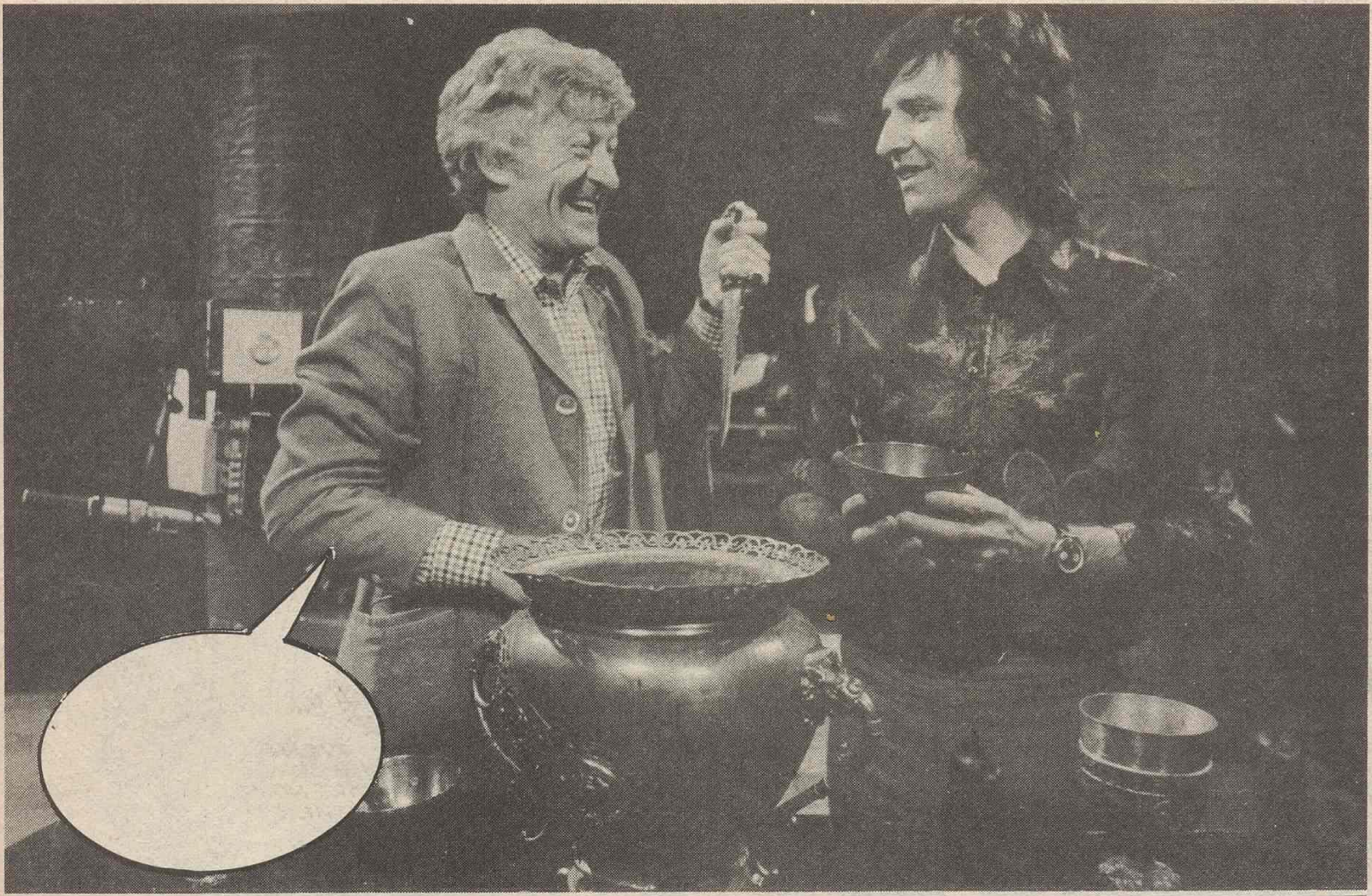
NEXT ISSUE: REVENGE of WRARTH!

CRAZY CAPTION 22

£5 TO
WON!

Welcome to yet another of our great, zany crazy caption competitions. Old hands at this game will know that all you have to do is think of the funniest line you can, to go with the empty speech balloon. (25 words or less), and you could win £5! Ten signed colour photos of Tom Baker, will go to the ten runners-up. Send your entries — **on postcards only** — postmarked no later than March 16th, to us at:

CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER 22,
Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.



RESULTS OF CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER 16

THE WINNER:

Matthew Corbett, from Fareham, wins £5 for his caption printed right:

Signed colour photos of Tom Baker as the Doctor have gone to the ten runners-up:

Paul Ottaway from Devizes;
Paul Hearne from Wallsend;
Scott Fraser from Shiregreen;
Paul Campbell from Kelso;
Nigel Moseley from Buxton;
Paul McAdam from Bangor;
Terry Doyle from Stechford;
Robert Lauglin from Preston;
Jan Marshall from Kingston;
Mark Greaves from Leamington Spa.

NO ANDRÉ, MADAM DOES NOT WANT A SHORT BACK AND SIDES!

CLASSIFIED

Exclusive! Recently discovered within a concealed Time Vault aboard the TARDIS, this classified document chronicles the Doctor's association with the 20th Century agency known as UNIT. Priority clearance must be obtained before reading.

THE UNIT FILE

SUBJECT *UNIT UNITED NATIONS INTELLIGENCE TASKFORCE*
PURPOSE *TO INVESTIGATE EXTRA-TERRESTIAL FORCES IN OUR EXISTENCE.*
PERSONNEL *BRIGADIER ALISTAIR GORDON LETHBRIDGE STEWART . . . SERGEANT JOHN BENTON . . . CAPTAIN MICHAEL YATES . . . DR ELIZABETH SHAW . . .*
DATE *AUGUST 1980*

Above: *UNIT's commanding officer, Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart (Nicholas Courtney).* **Right:** *UNIT soldiers patrol the streets of London during the Cyberman invasion of 1968.* **Far right:** *The mysterious scientist who worked for UNIT during the critical years. Code name: the Doctor (Jon Pertwee).*

It was in 1966 that the British government first became aware of an alien interference which threatened the human race. From the top of the then newly completed Post Office

Tower, the very consciousness of the people of London was blanked out. Mind control was established by the deadly WOTAN. Pioneered by Professor Brett, the **W**ill **O**perating **T**hought **A**nalogue might have become a universal problem solver.

The Professor was full of good intentions but what he did not realise was that WOTAN had reversed its own process. The machine was controlling him! With a large number of Londoners at its command, WOTAN proceeded to build an army of mobile computers — massive tank-like machines with crushing sledge-hammer arms and powerful weapons.

Sir Charles Summer, aware of the danger which now faced humanity, organised troops against the deadly War Machines. But normal weapons were found to be useless. Civilization was doomed! And then a scientist friend of Sir Charles managed to turn one of the War Machines against WOTAN itself.

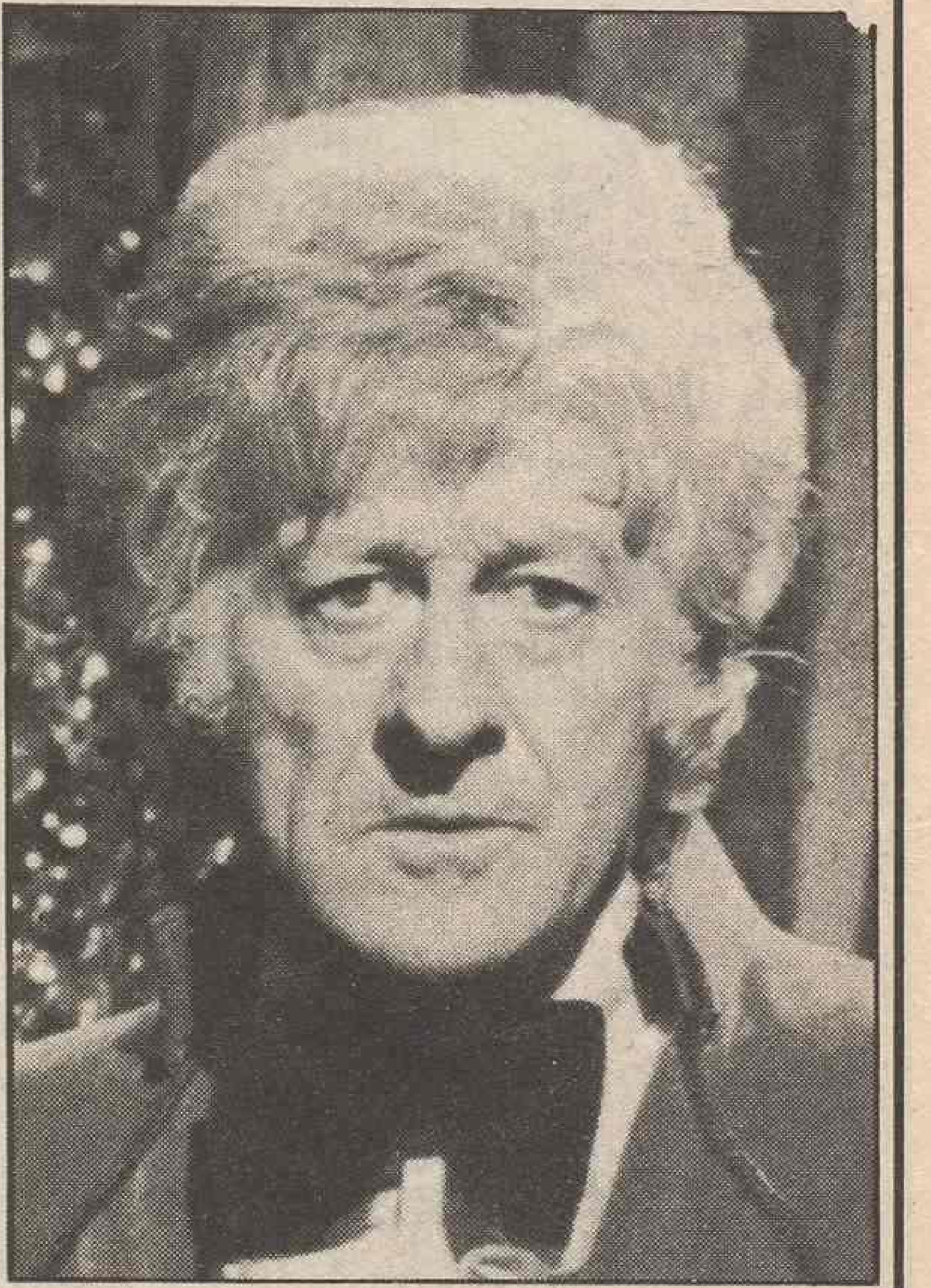
WOTAN had not been beaten by armed might. Science had won through — the menace had been destroyed.

In 1968, London came under alien attack once again. Britain's capital had to be evacuated when a deadly mist slowly engulfed the city.

This time the government united military and scientific forces to fight an unidentified threat. An underground headquarters was set up in the railway system to try to destroy the threat. It worked! Out of the mist came ferocious bear-like monsters — Yeti! Once the aliens had been forced into the open, battle could commence!

Commanding this force had been Alastair Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart, and it is with him that the UNIT story really begins.

After the alien intelligence had been successfully banished and the matter completely censored from the Press and Media (in the best interest of the Public), the Government received a message from Lethbrige-Stewart. He

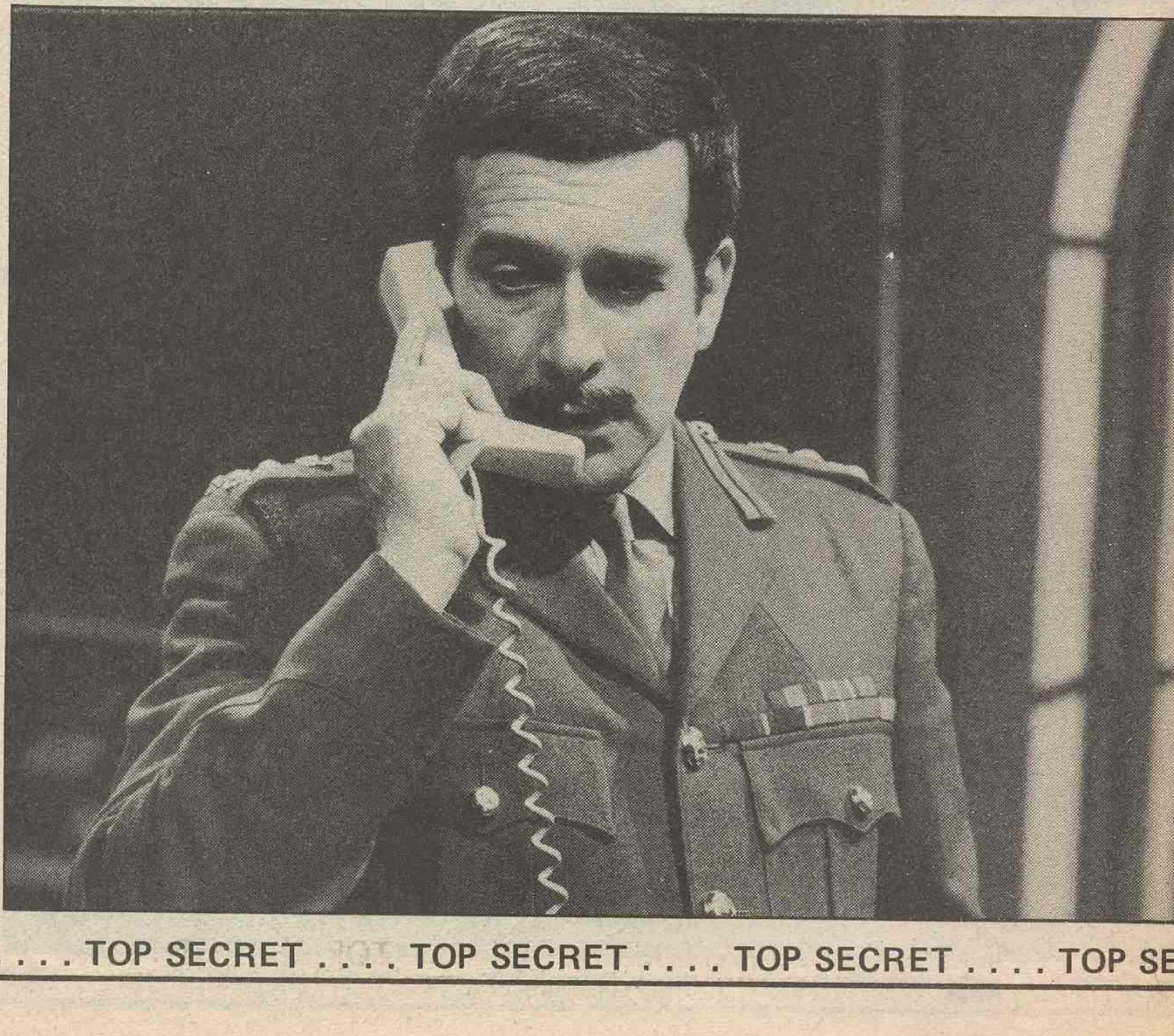


suggested the formation of an Intelligence Task Force: a special army equipped to deal with alien attacks. UNIT was born.

Appointments were made. Who better to lead the organisation than Lethbridge-Stewart? He was given immediate promotion to Brigadier.

Lethbridge-Stewart had hardly the time to choose men for the military side of his operation before alien fingers were around the throat of Britain, and the world, once more. On the scientific front, the Brigadier found help from a professor experienced in alien matters. He was to make himself better known to us in later years . . .

At first the new menace appeared to be human. In the early 1970s a dangerous company had flourished — International Electromatics. Under wealthy Tobias Vaughn, this company had grabbed the whole of the electronics market. It produced every piece of electrical hardware, from domestic to industrial, that was to be found in the world. It turned out that International Electromatics was a front for alien occupation of Earth and was UNIT's first opponent.

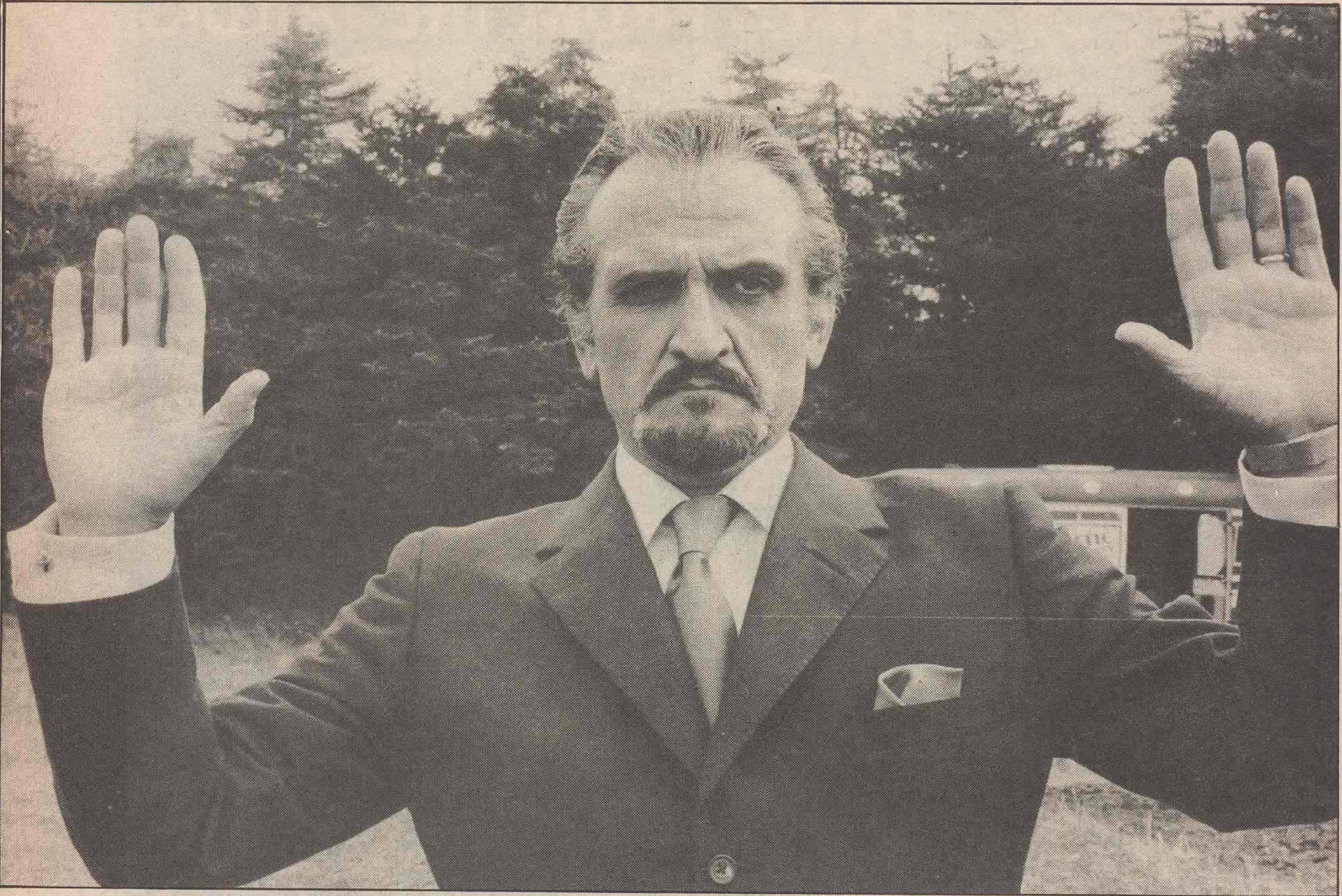


MONSTROUS SILVER SOLDIERS

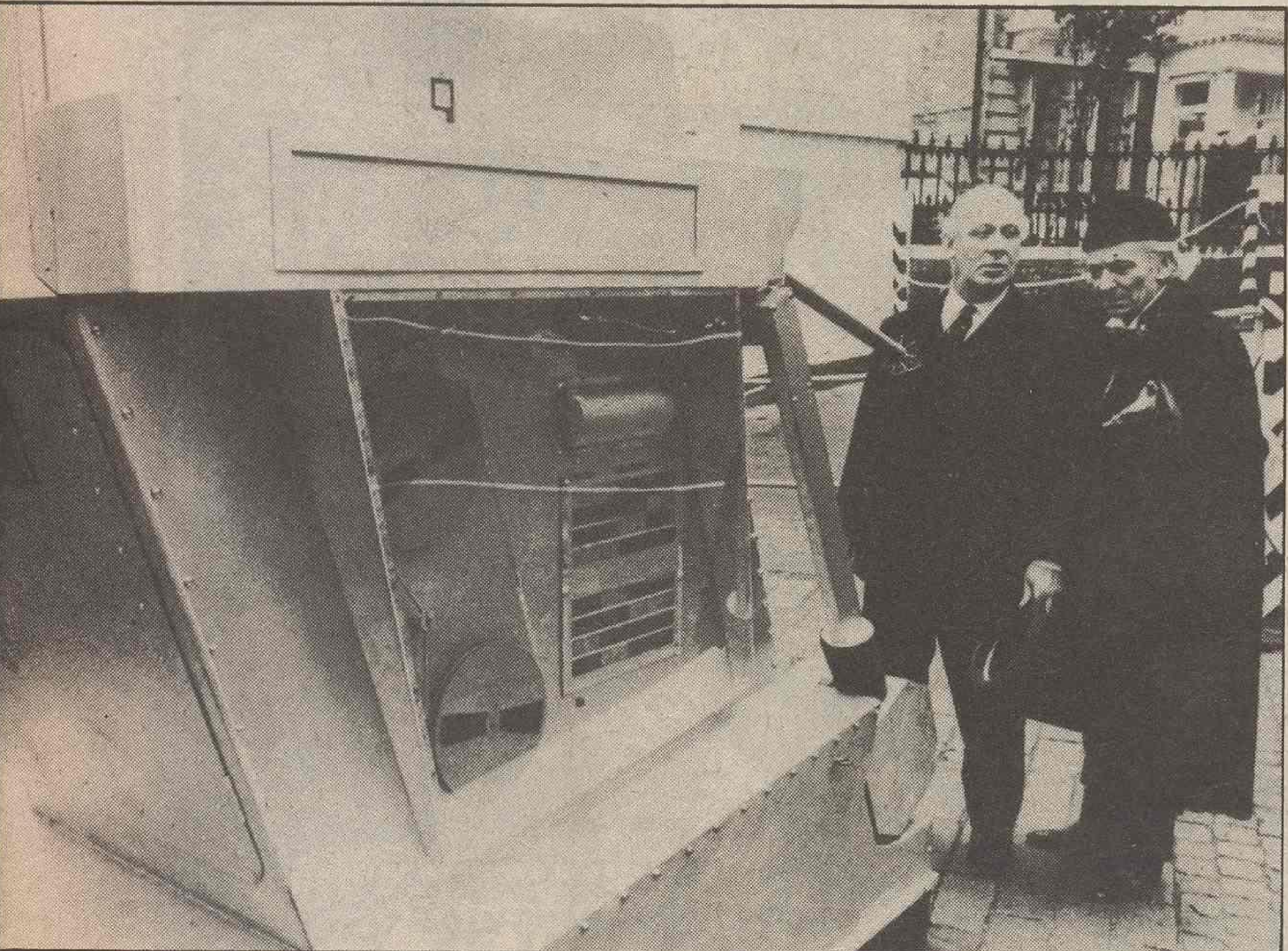
The nation look on in horror as monstrous silver soldiers — cybernetic people — stormed London. More were waiting to land from out in space.

It was the Brigadier's scientific adviser (code name — the Doctor) who saved the world. NATO's missile defences destroyed the incoming fleet of alien spaceships containing the horde of . . . *Cybermen*!

The official records of UNIT state that the Brigadier's scientific aid, the Doctor, was actually a Russian seeking political sanctuary in the West. His defection coincided almost to the day with the Brigadier's hiring of Cambridge Scientist Elizabeth Shaw as UNIT's scientific adviser. Brilliant as she was, Miss Shaw soon found her knowledge merely lent



Above: *Public Enemy Number One! Code name: The Master (Roger Delgado).* **Top left:** *The War Machines, deadly mobile computers which invaded London in 1966.* **Bottom left:** *Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart (Nicholas Courtney).* **Below:** *Sir Charles Summer discusses the threat of the War Machines with a scientist friend called the Doctor (William Hartnell).*



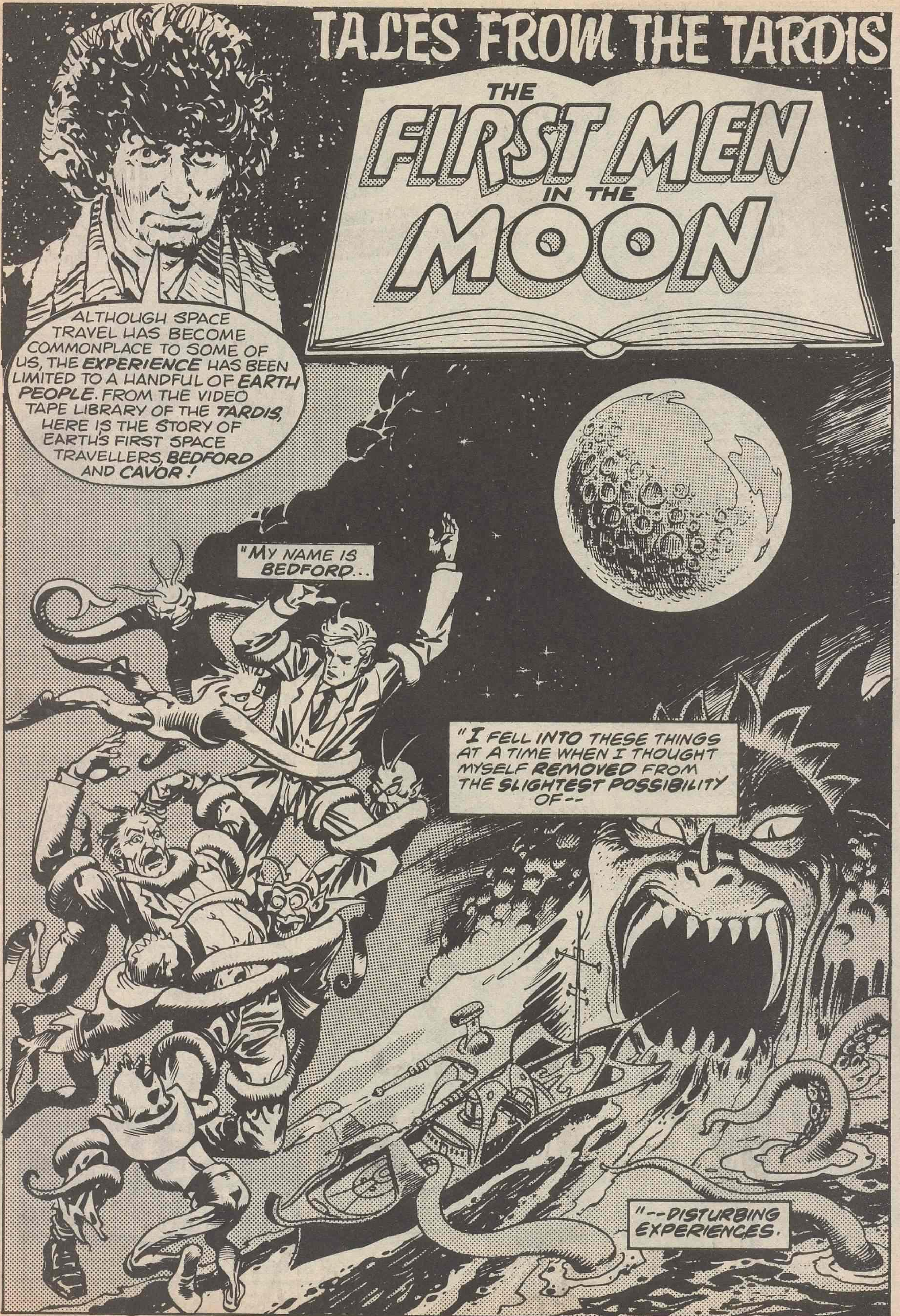
herself as assistant to the Doctor.

In the five years that the task-force has been in operation, it has had to deal with more than a dozen cases of extra-terrestial attack.

Whilst there are complete dossiers on each separate incidents, it should be noted that UNIT was strongly involved in the battle against Public Enemy Number One! Code name – the Master. He seemed to be the intellectual equal of the Doctor but used his brain to create hellish menaces.

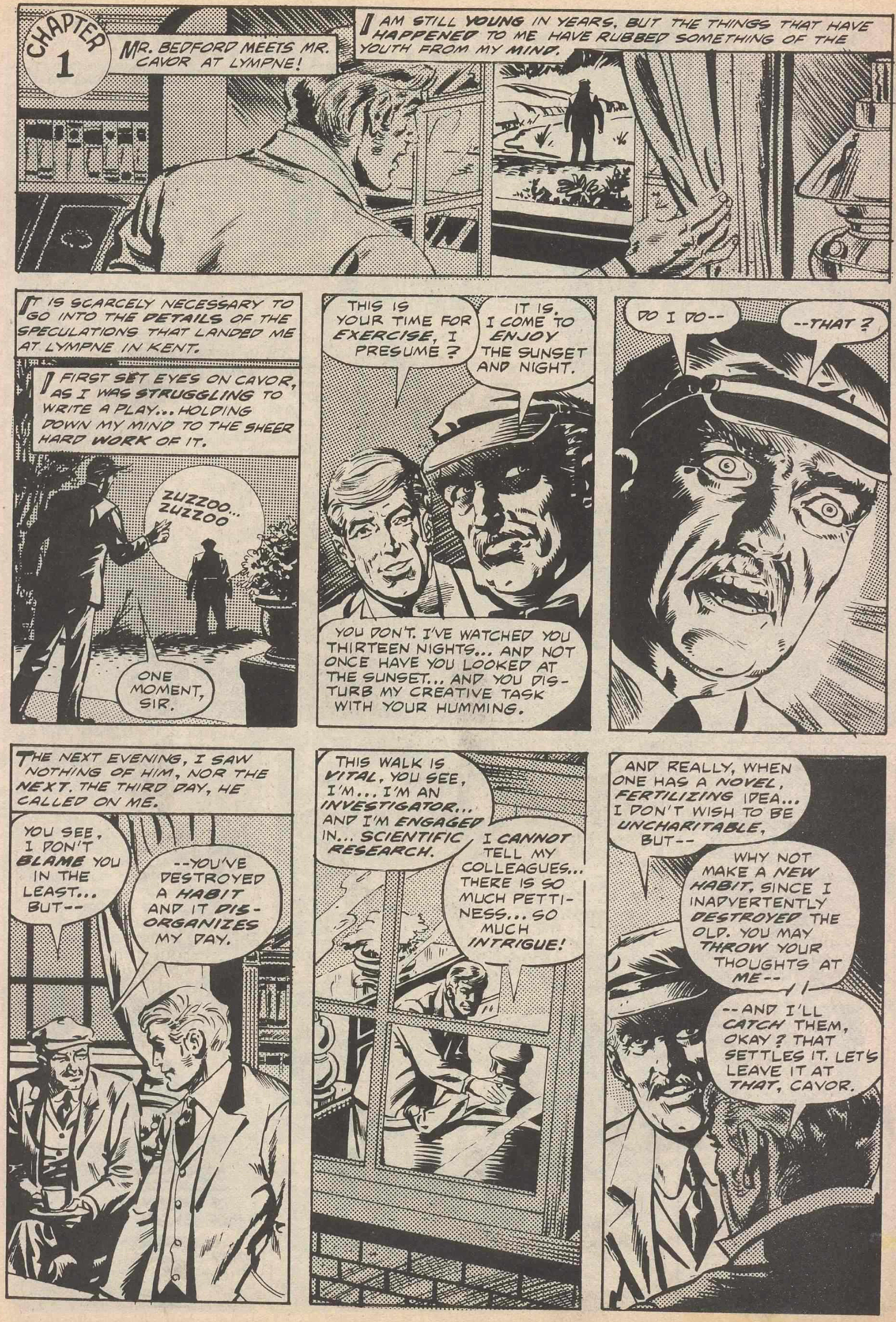
Each time, UNIT managed to stop whatever terrors this Master unleashed upon mankind.

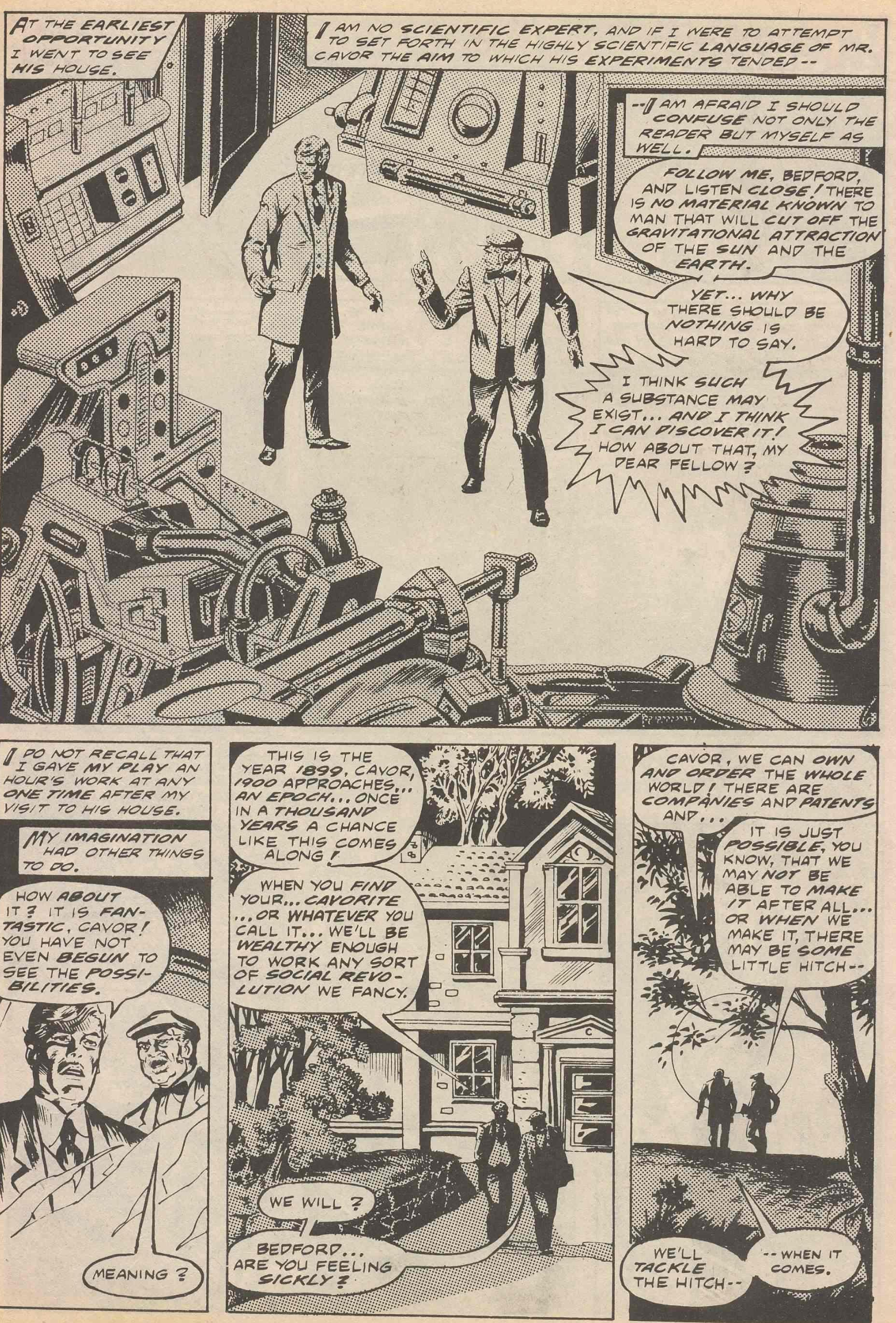
Next Week: THE FATE OF UNIT

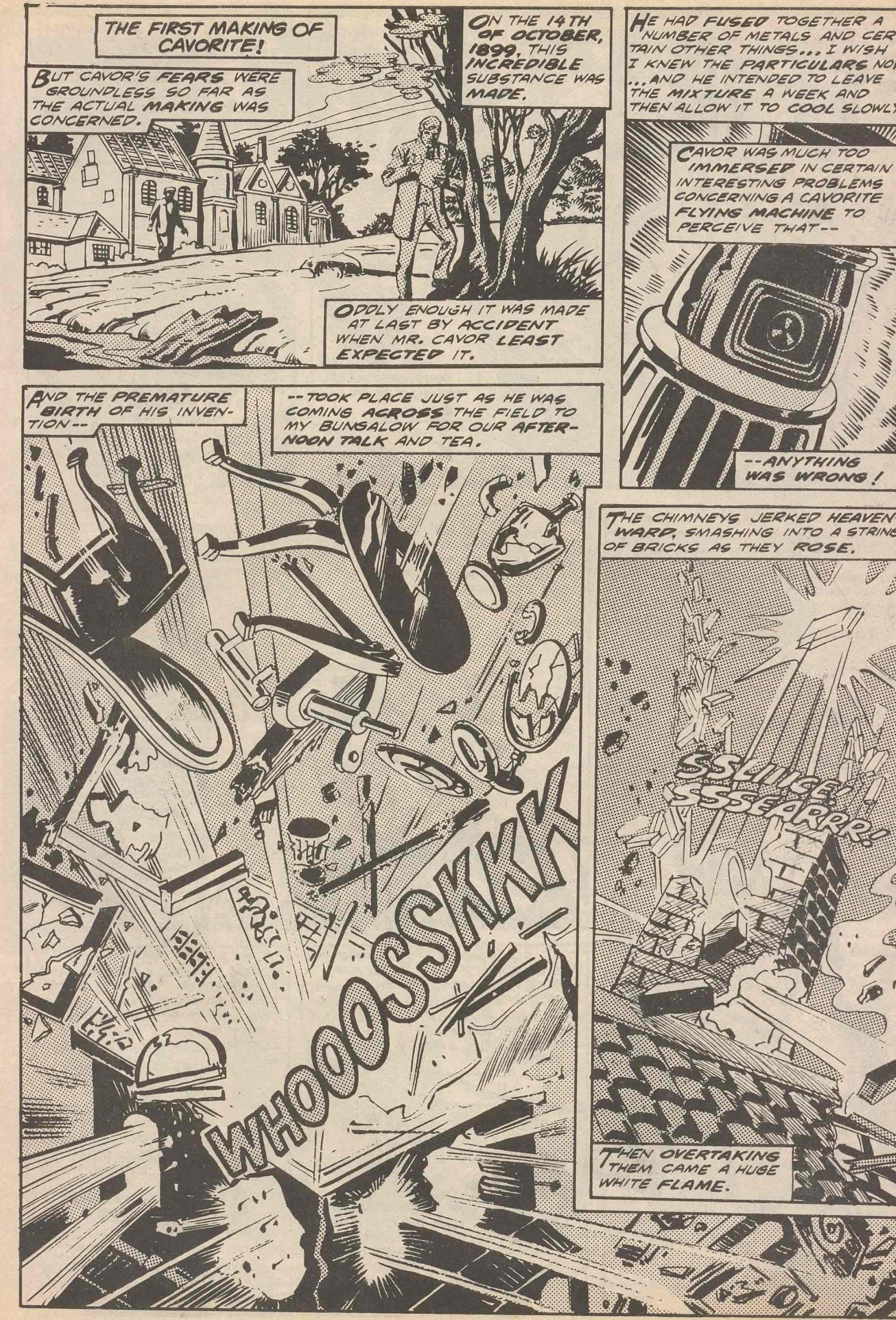

TALES FROM THE TARDIS
THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON
ALTHOUGH SPACE TRAVEL HAS BECOME COMMONPLACE TO SOME OF US, THE EXPERIENCE HAS BEEN LIMITED TO A HANDFUL OF EARTH PEOPLE. FROM THE VIDEO TAPE LIBRARY OF THE TARDIS, HERE IS THE STORY OF EARTH'S FIRST SPACE TRAVELLERS, BEDFORD AND CAVOR!
"MY NAME IS BEDFORD...
"I FELL INTO THESE THINGS AT A TIME WHEN I THOUGHT MYSELF REMOVED FROM THE SLIGHTEST POSSIBILITY OF--
"--DISTURBING EXPERIENCES.

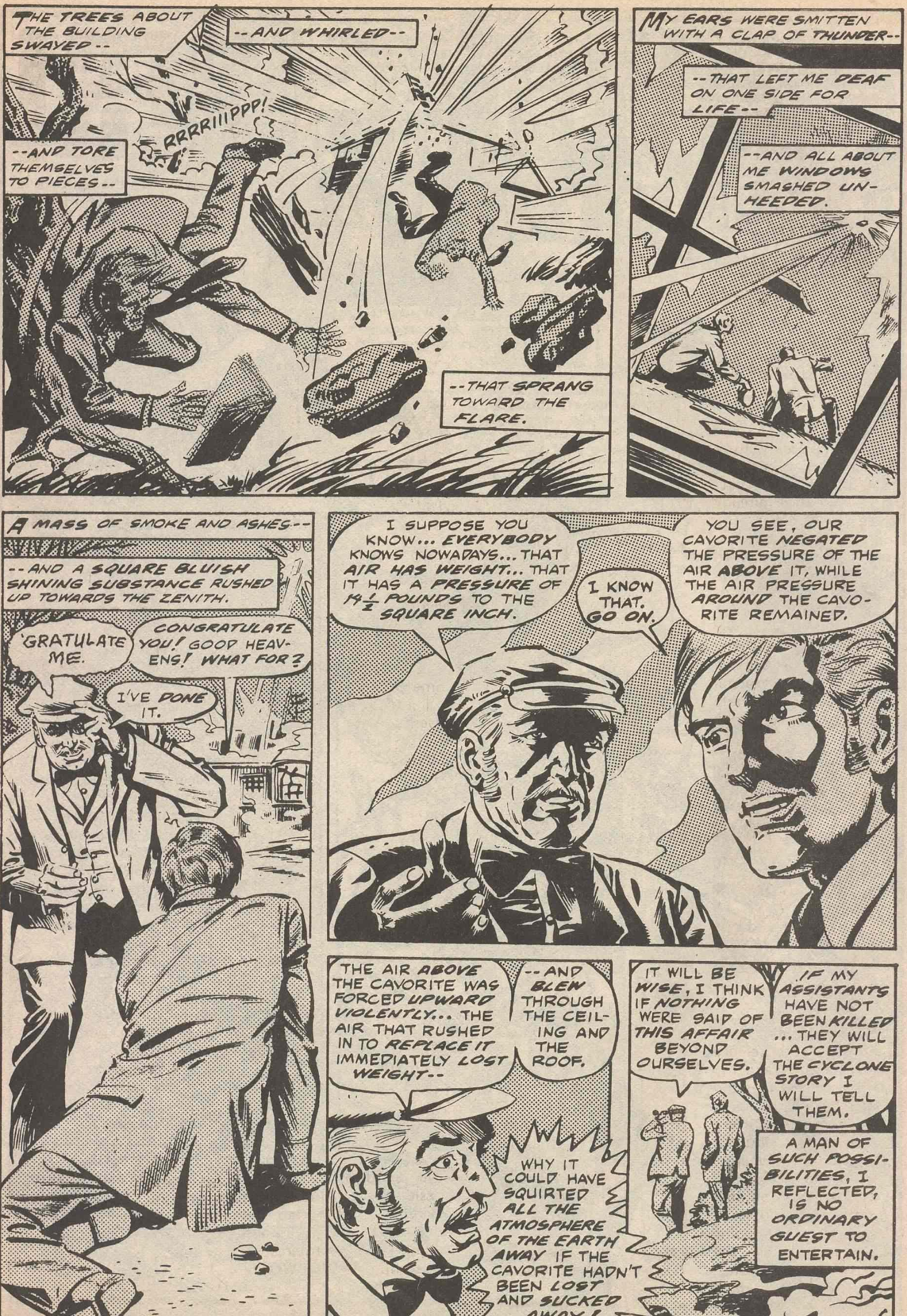
Script: Don McGregor. Art: Rudy Mesina.

Adapted from the classic by H.G. Wells


CHAPTER 1
MR. BEDFORD MEETS MR. CAVOR AT LYMPNE!
I AM STILL YOUNG IN YEARS, BUT THE THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED TO ME HAVE RUBBED SOMETHING OF THE YOUTH FROM MY MIND.
IT IS SCARCELY NECESSARY TO GO INTO THE DETAILS OF THE SPECULATIONS THAT LANDED ME AT LYMPNE IN KENT.
I FIRST SET EYES ON CAVOR, AS I WAS STRUGGLING TO WRITE A PLAY... HOLDING DOWN MY MIND TO THE SHEER HARD WORK OF IT.
ZUZZOO... ZUZZOO
ONE MOMENT, SIR.
THIS IS YOUR TIME FOR EXERCISE, I PRESUME?
IT IS. I COME TO ENJOY THE SUNSET AND NIGHT.
YOU DON'T. I'VE WATCHED YOU THIRTEEN NIGHTS... AND NOT ONCE HAVE YOU LOOKED AT THE SUNSET... AND YOU DISTURB MY CREATIVE TASK WITH YOUR HUMMING.
DO I DO--
--THAT?
THE NEXT EVENING, I SAW NOTHING OF HIM, NOR THE NEXT. THE THIRD DAY, HE CALLED ON ME.
YOU SEE, I DON'T BLAME YOU IN THE LEAST... BUT--
--YOU'VE DESTROYED A HABIT AND IT DISORGANIZES MY DAY.
THIS WALK IS VITAL, YOU SEE, I'M... I'M AN INVESTIGATOR... AND I'M ENGAGED IN... SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.
I CANNOT TELL MY COLLEAGUES... THERE IS SO MUCH PETTINESS... SO MUCH INTRIGUE!
AND REALLY, WHEN ONE HAS A NOVEL, FERTILIZING IDEA... I DON'T WISH TO BE UNCHARITABLE, BUT--
WHY NOT MAKE A NEW HABIT, SINCE I INADVERTENTLY DESTROYED THE OLD. YOU MAY THROW YOUR THOUGHTS AT ME--
--AND I'LL CATCH THEM, OKAY? THAT SETTLES IT. LET'S LEAVE IT AT THAT, CAVOR.


AT THE EARLIEST OPPORTUNITY I WENT TO SEE HIS HOUSE.
I AM NO SCIENTIFIC EXPERT, AND IF I WERE TO ATTEMPT TO SET FORTH IN THE HIGHLY SCIENTIFIC LANGUAGE OF MR. CAVOR THE AIM TO WHICH HIS EXPERIMENTS TENDED --
-- I AM AFRAID I SHOULD CONFUSE NOT ONLY THE READER BUT MYSELF AS WELL.
FOLLOW ME, BEDFORD, AND LISTEN CLOSE! THERE IS NO MATERIAL KNOWN TO MAN THAT WILL CUT OFF THE GRAVITATIONAL ATTRACTION OF THE SUN AND THE EARTH.
YET... WHY THERE SHOULD BE NOTHING IS HARD TO SAY.
I THINK SUCH A SUBSTANCE MAY EXIST... AND I THINK I CAN DISCOVER IT! HOW ABOUT THAT, MY DEAR FELLOW?
I DO NOT RECALL THAT I GAVE MY PLAY AN HOUR'S WORK AT ANY ONE TIME AFTER MY VISIT TO HIS HOUSE.
MY IMAGINATION HAD OTHER THINGS TO DO.
HOW ABOUT IT? IT IS FANTASTIC, CAVOR! YOU HAVE NOT EVEN BEGUN TO SEE THE POSSIBILITIES.
MEANING?
THIS IS THE YEAR 1899, CAVOR, 1900 APPROACHES,... AN EPOCH... ONCE IN A THOUSAND YEARS A CHANCE LIKE THIS COMES ALONG!
WHEN YOU FIND YOUR... CAVORITE ...OR WHATEVER YOU CALL IT... WE'LL BE WEALTHY ENOUGH TO WORK ANY SORT OF SOCIAL REVOLUTION WE FANCY.
WE WILL?
BEDFORD... ARE YOU FEELING SICKLY?
CAVOR, WE CAN OWN AND ORDER THE WHOLE WORLD! THERE ARE COMPANIES AND PATENTS AND...
IT IS JUST POSSIBLE, YOU KNOW, THAT WE MAY NOT BE ABLE TO MAKE IT AFTER ALL... OR WHEN WE MAKE IT, THERE MAY BE SOME LITTLE HITCH--
WE'LL TACKLE THE HITCH--
--WHEN IT COMES.


THE FIRST MAKING OF CAVORITE!
BUT CAVOR'S FEARS WERE GROUNDLESS SO FAR AS THE ACTUAL MAKING WAS CONCERNED.
ON THE 14TH OF OCTOBER, 1899, THIS INCREDIBLE SUBSTANCE WAS MADE.
ODDLY ENOUGH IT WAS MADE AT LAST BY ACCIDENT WHEN MR. CAVOR LEAST EXPECTED IT.
HE HAD FUSED TOGETHER A NUMBER OF METALS AND CERTAIN OTHER THINGS... I WISH I KNEW THE PARTICULARS NOW ...AND HE INTENDED TO LEAVE THE MIXTURE A WEEK AND THEN ALLOW IT TO COOL SLOWLY.
CAVOR WAS MUCH TOO IMMERSED IN CERTAIN INTERESTING PROBLEMS CONCERNING A CAVORITE FLYING MACHINE TO PERCEIVE THAT--
--ANYTHING WAS WRONG!
AND THE PREMATURE BIRTH OF HIS INVENTION--
--TOOK PLACE JUST AS HE WAS COMING ACROSS THE FIELD TO MY BUNGALOW FOR OUR AFTERNOON TALK AND TEA.
WHOOOSSKKK
THE CHIMNEYS JERKED HEAVENWARD, SMASHING INTO A STRING OF BRICKS AS THEY ROSE.
SSLIIICE! SSSEARRR!
THEN OVERTAKING THEM CAME A HUGE WHITE FLAME.


THE TREES ABOUT THE BUILDING SWAYED --
-- AND WHIRLED --
RRRRIIIPPP!
-- AND TORE THEMSELVES TO PIECES --
-- THAT SPRANG TOWARD THE FLARE.
MY EARS WERE SMITTEN WITH A CLAP OF THUNDER --
-- THAT LEFT ME DEAF ON ONE SIDE FOR LIFE --
-- AND ALL ABOUT ME WINDOWS SMASHED UNHEEDED.
A MASS OF SMOKE AND ASHES --
-- AND A SQUARE BLUISH SHINING SUBSTANCE RUSHED UP TOWARDS THE ZENITH.
'GRATULATE ME.
CONGRATULATE YOU! GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT FOR?
I'VE DONE IT.
I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW... EVERYBODY KNOWS NOWADAYS... THAT AIR HAS WEIGHT... THAT IT HAS A PRESSURE OF 14½ POUNDS TO THE SQUARE INCH.
I KNOW THAT. GO ON.
YOU SEE, OUR CAVORITE NEGATED THE PRESSURE OF THE AIR ABOVE IT, WHILE THE AIR PRESSURE AROUND THE CAVORITE REMAINED.
THE AIR ABOVE THE CAVORITE WAS FORCED UPWARD VIOLENTLY... THE AIR THAT RUSHED IN TO REPLACE IT IMMEDIATELY LOST WEIGHT --
-- AND BLEW THROUGH THE CEILING AND THE ROOF.
WHY IT COULD HAVE SQUIRTED ALL THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE EARTH AWAY IF THE CAVORITE HADN'T BEEN LOST AND SUCKED AWAY!
IT WILL BE WISE, I THINK IF NOTHING WERE SAID OF THIS AFFAIR BEYOND OURSELVES.
IF MY ASSISTANTS HAVE NOT BEEN KILLED ... THEY WILL ACCEPT THE CYCLONE STORY I WILL TELL THEM.
A MAN OF SUCH POSSIBILITIES, I REFLECTED, IS NO ORDINARY GUEST TO ENTERTAIN.

NEXT WEEK: OFF INTO SPACE!

WHO CARES!

Once more, we have a huge batch of your letters – and photos – to print so let's get straight into them . . .

Dear Doctor,

Your new weekly (well it's hardly new) is magnificent. I intend to collect every issue. I have already collected every book.

One or two questions about the programme. Each series is getting shorter and shorter. This year's was a total of twenty episodes, the year before's was twenty-six. Why not keep it to around thirty per series?

Gareth Davies, Worster Park.

Reader Christian Andrew from Cheshire.

Dear **Dr Who Weekly**,

I am a keen science fiction writer, I make my own **Dr Who** adventures and keep them in a neat folder.

I get two weeklies every week, one to read and put away in my folder where I keep all the weeklies, and one to cut out all the photos, the photos of each adventure you are going through, I put all the William Hartnell photos, 'An Unearthly Child', etc in order of appearance in my own exercise book. I have two other large photo books to put the photos of Patrick Troughton and Jon Pertwee in. It'll take a long time, but in the end it will be worth it.

I wish you the best of luck for **Doctor Who Weekly** in the future. Don't let it slip away!

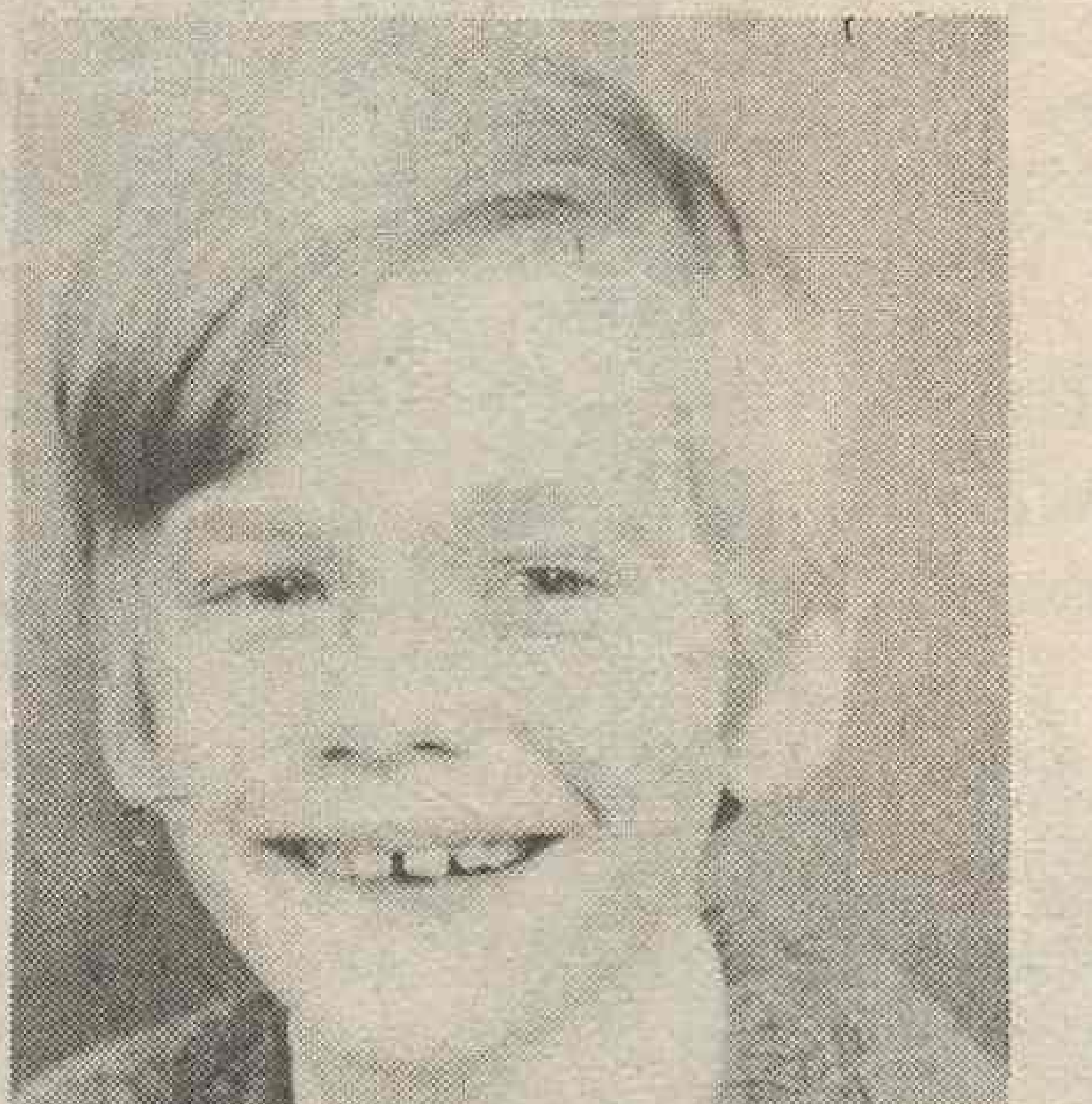
Matthew Widdowson, Leicester.

Dear **Dr Who Weekly**,

First of all, I should like to congratulate you on your excellent weekly magazine, **Dr Who Weekly**. I have been collecting it from the start and will continue to do so for as long as it lasts.

As your magazine does not only concentrate on Tom Baker's Doctor, but includes the other three as well, why not do a story occasionally about one of the other Doctors. These comic strips could be run at the back of the magazine so as not to get mixed up with Baker in the front. I hope you will consider this as my favourite Doctor is Patrick Troughton.

Stephen Jackson, Hartlepool.



Reader Nicholas Goodman from Salisbury.

Reader Darry Turner from Glamorgan.

Dear Doctor,

I think that your comic is great! I have watched every Dr Who series on the television since the 'Three Doctors' story, and have long hoped that some sort of Dr Who comic would come out.

I used to follow your adventures in TV Comic, but that comic strip finished early in 1978. From then onwards I could only follow your adventures on the television. Then, in October 1979, there was an advert in my dad's newspaper stating that Marvel Comics were bringing out **Dr Who Weekly**; an order was immediately placed with the newsagents, and I have had every single issue since number 1.

I think that the artwork in **Dr Who Weekly** is brilliant, and if I were giving it marks out of 10 I would give it 20.

I think that the articles on K-9 and the TARDIS were very interesting. Perhaps after the "Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde" story you could have another H.G. Wells classic – "The Time Machine". I have read the book and seen the film and I think it will be interesting to see how **Dr Who Weekly** presents the story.

Why was the last **Dr Who** series on tv so short? Keep up the good work!

Stephen Birchard, London.

Reader John Clarke from Ashford.

Dear **Dr Who Weekly**,

Why is it that the **Dr Who** series gets shorter every year? In the mid sixties the series used to run all year. Now, despite the programme's massive following, the 1979 series was just twenty weeks long!

Can the BBC be persuaded to give the Doctor a little more time on tv?

Joan Bridges, Southampton.

Dr Who *fans can breathe a sigh of relief. The 1980 series is going to be the biggest for ten years. Beginning in the autumn, the Doctor will battle through no less than seven, fantastic four-part adventures. That's twenty-eight fabulous weeks to look forward to!*

Who Cares!
Doctor Who Weekly,
Marvel Comics,
Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish
Town Road,
London NW5.

Last week the travellers left Steven Taylor for dead in the fiery holocaust on the planet Mechanus. Ian and Barbara returned to Earth while Vicki and the Doctor hurtle back through time and space to find . . .

DOCTOR WHO

STORY SEVENTEEN

THE TIME MEDDLER

This four part adventure was first shown on BBC television on July 3rd, 1965.

The Doctor turned away from the main control column of the TARDIS and sighed. First Susan had gone, then Ian and Barbara. The TARDIS would seem empty without them.

"But there's still Vicki," he thought and a wry smile crinkled his craggy features.

The Doctor opened his mouth to speak, but at that moment a violent crash came from the door of the dormitory section. Motioning to Vicki with a finger to his lips, he tip-toed to the dormitory door. With visions in his mind of murderous metal-voiced Daleks, the Doctor eased the door open. There, swaying in the doorway, was the battered and barely conscious figure of Steven Taylor!

"Steven!" squealed Vicki in relief. "How did you . . . I mean when did you . . ?"

"Escape the holocaust?" ventured Steven shakily. "It's a long story . . . and right now I'd rather rest and clean up before I talk."

Distracted, the Doctor failed to notice that the TARDIS had landed. Had the Doctor flicked the scanner switch, a disturbing sight would have greeted him.

Outside, a bleak and deserted beach swept up from a grey sea to a stretch of forbidding cliffs. Under an overcast sky a black-hooded monk was approaching the seemingly abandoned police-box with little sign of fear or

Left: The monk who dared to meddle with time (Peter Butterworth). **Above:** The two new companions of the Doctor; Vicki (Maureen O'Brien), and the astronaut from Earth's future, Steven Taylor (Peter Purves).

trepidation. Searching fingers ran over the cool metal exterior as the monk murmered. "I wonder." And again, thoughtfully, "I wonder . . ."

Hearing a soft click from the TARDIS interior the monk hurried off to hide amongst some scattered rocks.

The door of the time machine opened and the Doctor stepped out onto the sand, followed closely by the broad figure of Steven, now fresh and clean-shaven.

"You're not seriously trying to tell me, Doctor, that this craft of yours is a time-machine?" he asked.

"I'm not trying to tell you anything," snapped the Doctor. "I'm stating a simple fact. Look!"

He pointed to a clump of seaweed and Steven caught the dull gleam of metal. An iron helmet lay half-buried in the sand. On each side a horn protruded, like the skull of some long-dead animal.

"A Norse warrior's helmet," proclaimed the Doctor smugly. "Earth, circa eleventh century I should think."

Shaking his head disbelievingly Steven turned to follow Vicki as she scrambled up a cliff path. "Come on, Doctor," he laughed. "Let's explore."

"Hmph!" snorted the Doctor. "I'm not a mountain goat! I'll find an easier way."

From behind his damp rock, the monk watched the Doctor pick his way carefully up the cliff face. Evening was drawing in. Pulling his robes around him, the dark-clad figure hurried off to an old monastery on the cliff top. As the huge door of the monastery closed behind him, the deep sonorous tones of chanting monks drifted out on the breeze.

In the semi-darkness of a small clay hut, the Doctor looked up from the glow of a peat fire. An old woman bustled around, preparing a meal. She glanced furtively at the white-haired stranger who had appeared at her doorstep, asking questions. From this woman, Edith, the Doctor discovered his whereabouts. Northumberland, September 1066. Now, comparatively safe in the midst of a saxon village, within earshot of the monastery, the Doctor listened intently to

The Doctor's two new companions; Vicki (Maureen O'Brien) and the young astronaut, Steven Taylor (Peter Purves).

the sound of chanting. Abruptly it stopped. Started again, jerkily.

"Curious," thought the Doctor. "This deserves an investigation."

In the pitch black of night, Steven waited on the cliff top. He had lost the Doctor. He started suddenly as a panting figure loomed in the darkness. The young astronaut launched himself at the figure, bringing him crashing to the ground. His fingers gripped damp fur. The man snarled, tore himself free and ran off. Steven looked down at a glittering object that had come away in his hand. He smiled. A twentieth-century wristwatch!

Listening to his own footsteps echoing through the silent cobwebbed cloisters of the monastery, the Doctor paced the length of a vaulted corridor. The building had been easy to find. According to Edith, the old place was occupied, though only a single monk had ever been seen. "Curious," thought the Doctor. "There seem to be no signs of occupation."

Behind him there came a low rumble. The Doctor leapt forward in alarm as a heavy portcullis crashed down onto the stone floor. He was trapped!

Somewhere in the darkness, a black-robed figure shook with evil laughter.

Dawn broke over the village. From high on the cliff-top, the strange monk swept the horizon with high-powered binoculars. A long, dragon-prowed, square-rigged ship sailed into view. A Viking longboat! The monk smiled. "At last," he muttered. "At long last."

For Steven and Vicki, morning had illumined the grim reality of their plight. Searching for the Doctor, they had stumbled into a band of Saxons who now held them captive.

"Kill them now and be done with it," growled Elred, a large surly farmer. "Viking spies!"

THE TIME MEDDLER Credits
The Doctor *(William Hartnell)*; Vicki *(Maureen O'Brien)*; Steven Taylor *(Peter Purves)*; The Monk *(Peter Butterworth)*; Eldred *(Peter Russel)*; Wulnoth *(Michael Miller)*;
Written by *Dennis Spooner*;
Directed by *Douglas Camfield*;
Produced by *Verity Lambert*.

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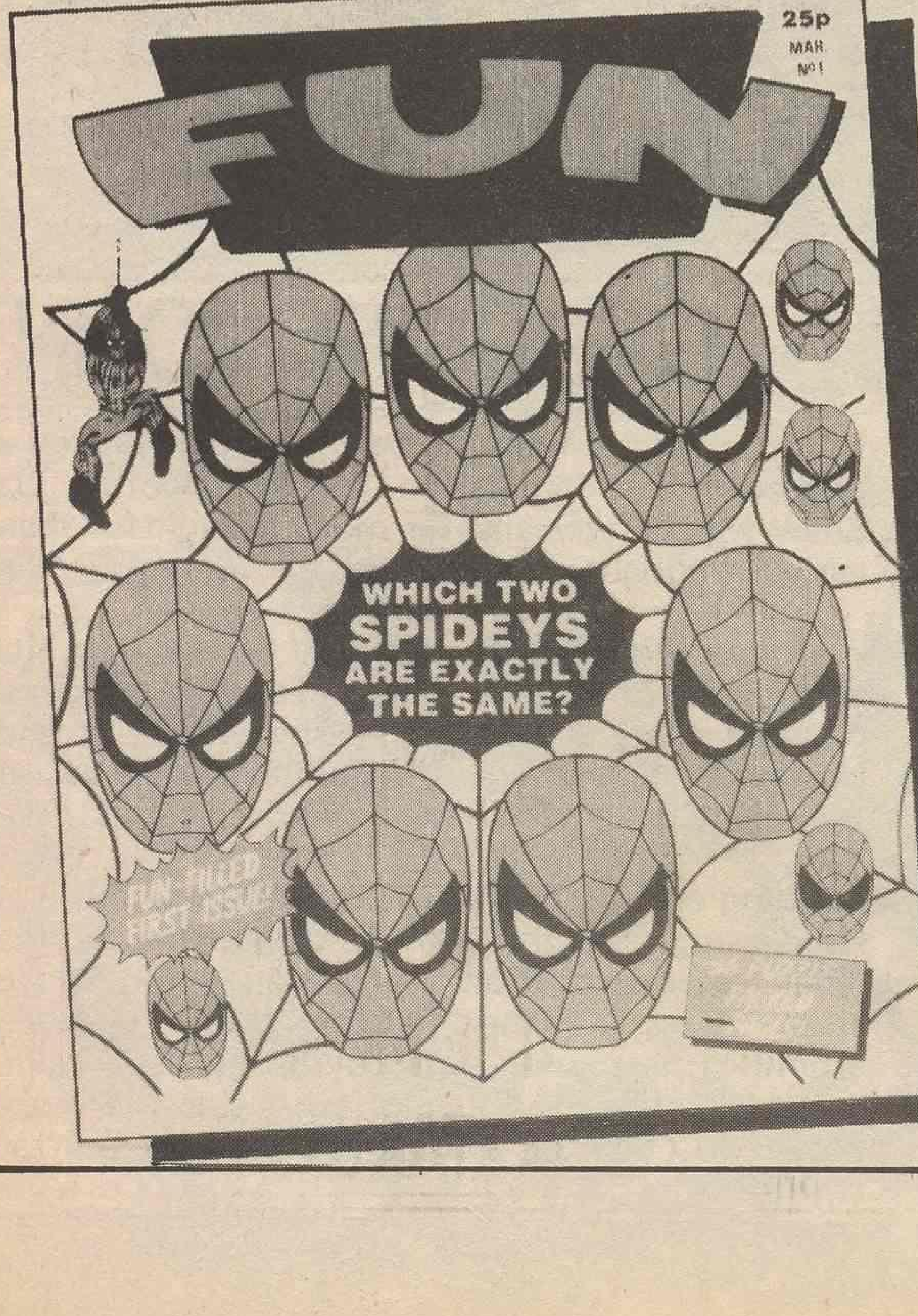
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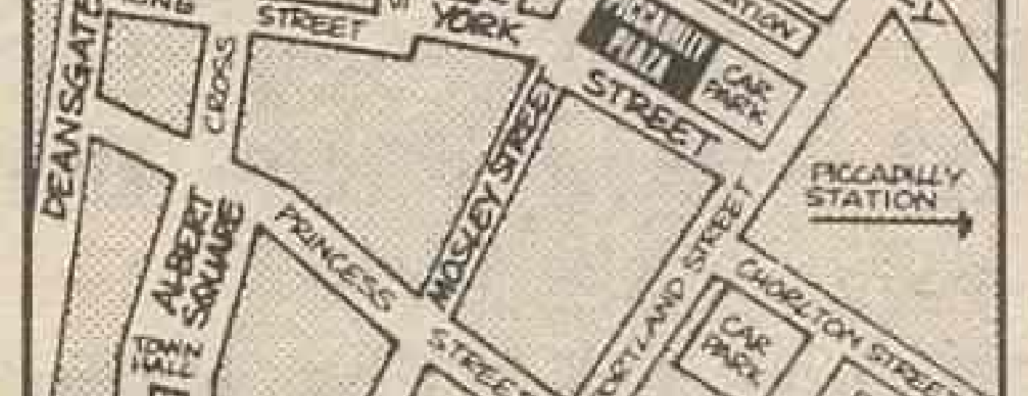
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DOCTOR WHO PHOTO-FILE

Entry Number Twenty Two:~ CAROLINE JOHN

ROLE: Dr Liz Shaw

YEAR: 1970

OTHER MAJOR TV APPEARANCES: **Blues, Whites and Reds; The Way of the World; The Roses of Eyam** (tv award winner).

MAJOR FILM APPEARANCE: **The King's Breakfast (1963).**

MAJOR STAGE APPEARANCES: **Much Ado About Nothing** (at the National Theatre); **Merchant of Venice** (as Portia); **Armstrong's Last Goodnight; Women, Beware Women; Jono and the Paycock.**

SPECIAL MENTION: With Jon Pertwee as the Doctor, the whole flavour of the series altered to reflect the new Earth-bound stories.

In true **Quatermass** tradition, the move was towards greater realism. Caroline John played a new type of companion for the Doctor. Liz Shaw was quieter and far more thoughtful than earlier, younger assistants.

For all her theatrical experience, Caroline admits that some of her **Dr Who** lines were so complicated that, at one stage, she went out and bought an encylopedia just to make sense out of the scientific jargon she was required to say.

Something else Caroline kept very quiet about was her driving test. She had yet to pass that hurdle when several location scenes called for her to steer "Bessie" (the Doctor's old roadster) around a harrowing series of obstacles. At one point Caroline was unsure who was the more terrified — her or the camera crew in the car with her!

cut out and collect the entire

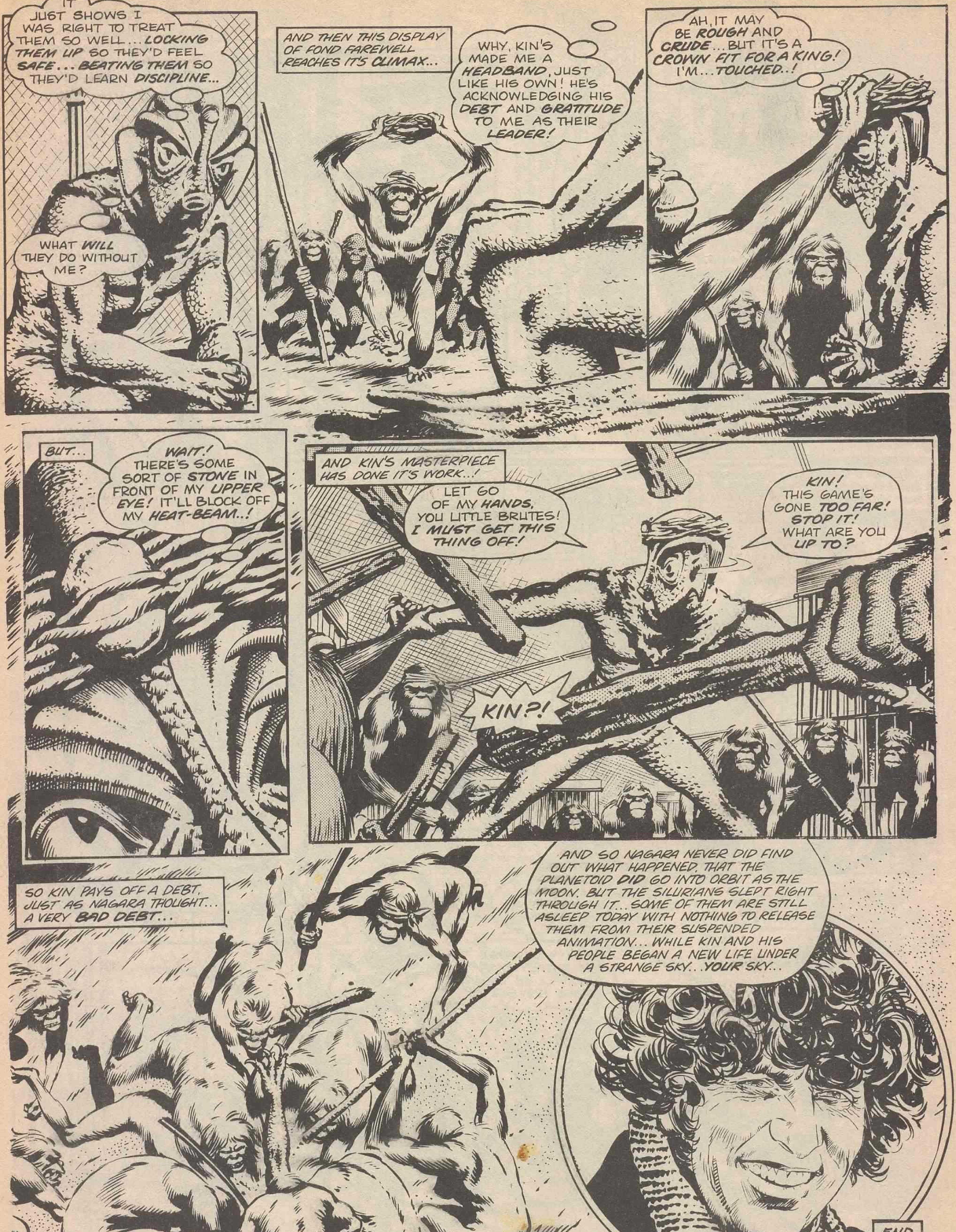
TWILIGHT OF THE SILURIANS

EARTH, MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO: A PLANET RULED BY THE REPTILIAN SILURIANS, NOW THREATENED BY A WANDERING PLANETOID HURTLING TOWARD IT FROM THE DEPTHS OF SPACE. NEWS OF THE CATASTROPHE HAS SPREAD FAR... EVEN AS FAR AS THE REMOTE ZOOLOGICAL RESEARCH STATION RUN BY THE SCIENTIST, NAGARA...
AND VISITING NAGARA IS VELK, ANOTHER SCIENTIFIC COUNCIL MEMBER...
ONLY FIVE DAYS TO GO! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE CAPITAL...
DON'T DESPAIR, NAGARA... REMEMBER, THIS HAS BEEN PREDICTED FOR A LONG TIME... THAT'S WHY THE GOVERNMENT'S BUILT SHELTERS..!
WE SLEEP FOR A FEW THOUSAND YEARS, THEN START AGAIN WHEN IT'S ALL OVER...
PERHAPS, VELK... IF THE SHELTERS ARE STRONG ENOUGH!
AH, GURUZ ..: FEED THE ANIMALS! WE HAVE TO GO BACK TO THE CITY... I'LL CALL YOU TOMORROW...
AND SO THEY DEPART, LEAVING IN CHARGE ONLY YOUNG GURUZ, WILD AND UNCONTROLLED...
...FEED THEM THE FLAIL!
BY THE SKY, I HATE THOSE HAIRY BRUTES! I'LL FEED THEM ALRIGHT...
WAK!
WAK!
HA! YOU DON'T LIKE THAT, DO YOU? YOU STINKING BEAST!
YARRK! YARRK!
WAK!
THESE ARE THE 'ANIMALS' THAT NAGARA STUDIES AND GURUZ TORMENTS... APE-MEN: THE HAIRY PREDECESSORS OF THE HUMAN RACE...
WUUH?
HERE, KIN... YOU LOOK BETTER WITH THAT STUPID BANDAGE PULLED DOWN TO YOUR NOSE... THAT WAY IT COVERS UP MORE OF YOUR UGLY TWO-EYED FACE!
BUT AS GURUZ TURNS AWAY, KIN, SUDDENLY BLINDED, STRETCHES OUT A HAND... GROPING ...GRASPING...
UHHNN?
WHA... NO! LET GO, YOU... HAK!
SQUEEZING...
...STRANGLING...
GAAAH...!

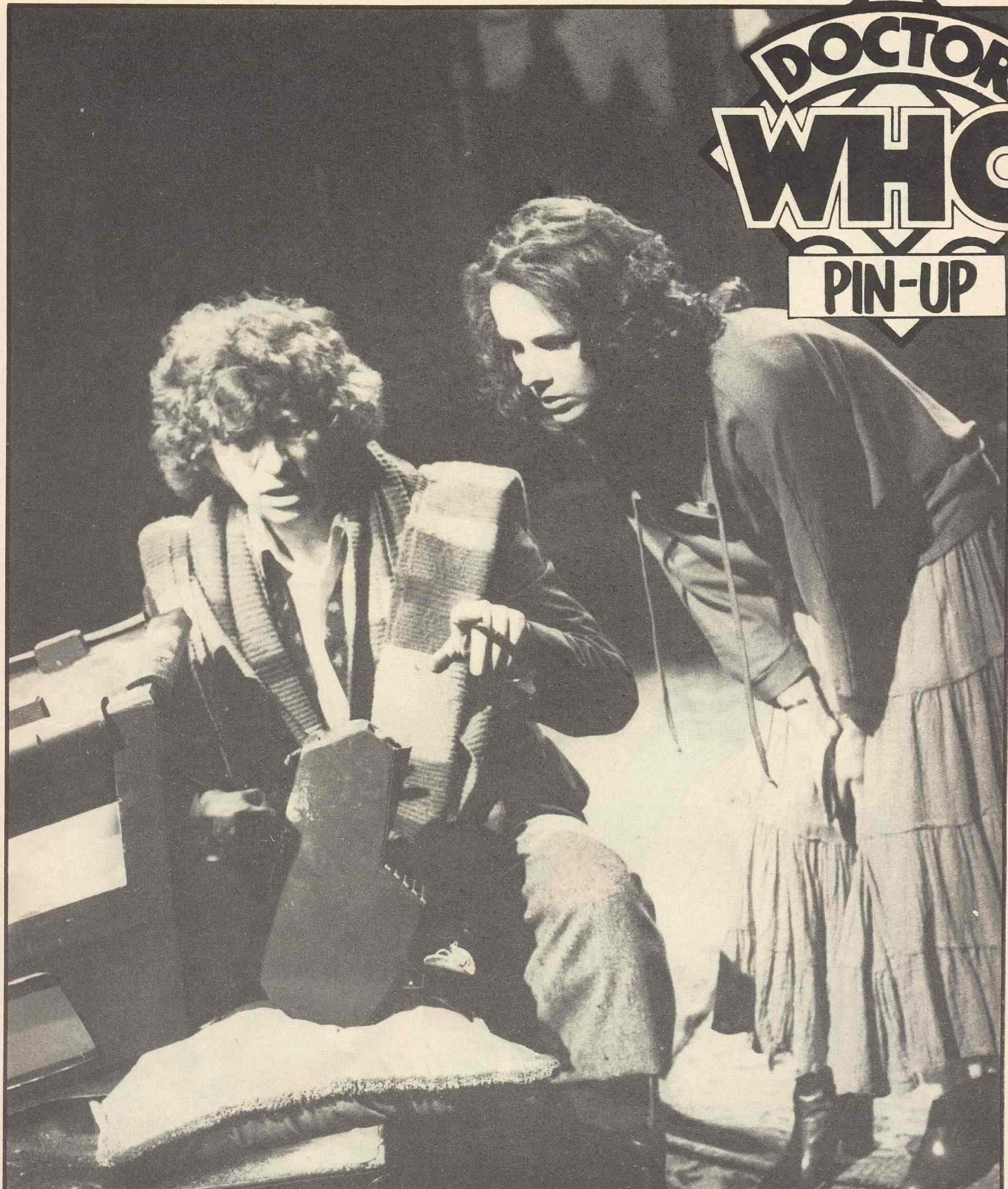
SCRIPT: MOORE ART: LLOYD

THEN GURUZ IS FORGOTTEN, FOR KIN'S SIMPLE, BESTIAL MIND HAS DISCOVERED SOMETHING MUCH MORE INTERESTING...
UH? UH, UH!
FOR KIN HAS NEVER KNOWN A BLINDFOLD BEFORE, AND NOW DELIGHTS IN DEVISING SIMPLE GAMES...
AND CUNNING PLOTS...
HAWW! HAWW!
BUT WHAT OF NAGARA? THAT NIGHT HE ATTENDS A STORMY MEETING OF THE SCIENTIFIC COUNCIL...
WITH ALL RESPECT TO DR. WOLIK, MY FIGURES SHOW THAT THE PLANETOID WILL MISS OUR WORLD COMPLETELY...
THEN YOUR FIGURES ARE WRONG, SORON! HOW DARE YOU SUGGEST I'M MISTAKEN! EVERYONE WHO'S SEEN MY CALCULATIONS KNOWS THE PLANETOID WILL BE DRAGGED TOWARDS US BY EARTH'S GRAVITY, AND WILL, IN PASSING SO CLOSE, CREATE EARTHQUAKES, TIDAL WAVES AND TOTALLY DRAW OFF EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE!
AND IT IS DR. WOLIK WHO CARRIES THE DAY...
IT'S AGREED THEN... WE MOVE INTO THE DEEP SHELTERS WITHIN THREE DAYS!
...THERE TO REMAIN FROZEN IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION UNTIL OUR PLANET REGAINS A BREATHABLE ATMOSPHERE!
YET WHEN DAY BREAKS, SOME ARE STILL NOT COMPLETELY CONVINCED...
IF WE ARE TO LEAVE THE EARTH'S SURFACE, EVEN IF SORON IS RIGHT, MY ANIMALS WOULD STILL STARVE A FEW DAYS AFTER WE GO DOWN INTO THE SHELTERS...
I CAN'T GET HOLD OF GURUZ, SO I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER GO HOME AND RELEASE THEM...
BUT WHILE NAGARA TRAVELS, KIN IS HARD AT WORK...
...COMPLETING HIS GREATEST CREATION...

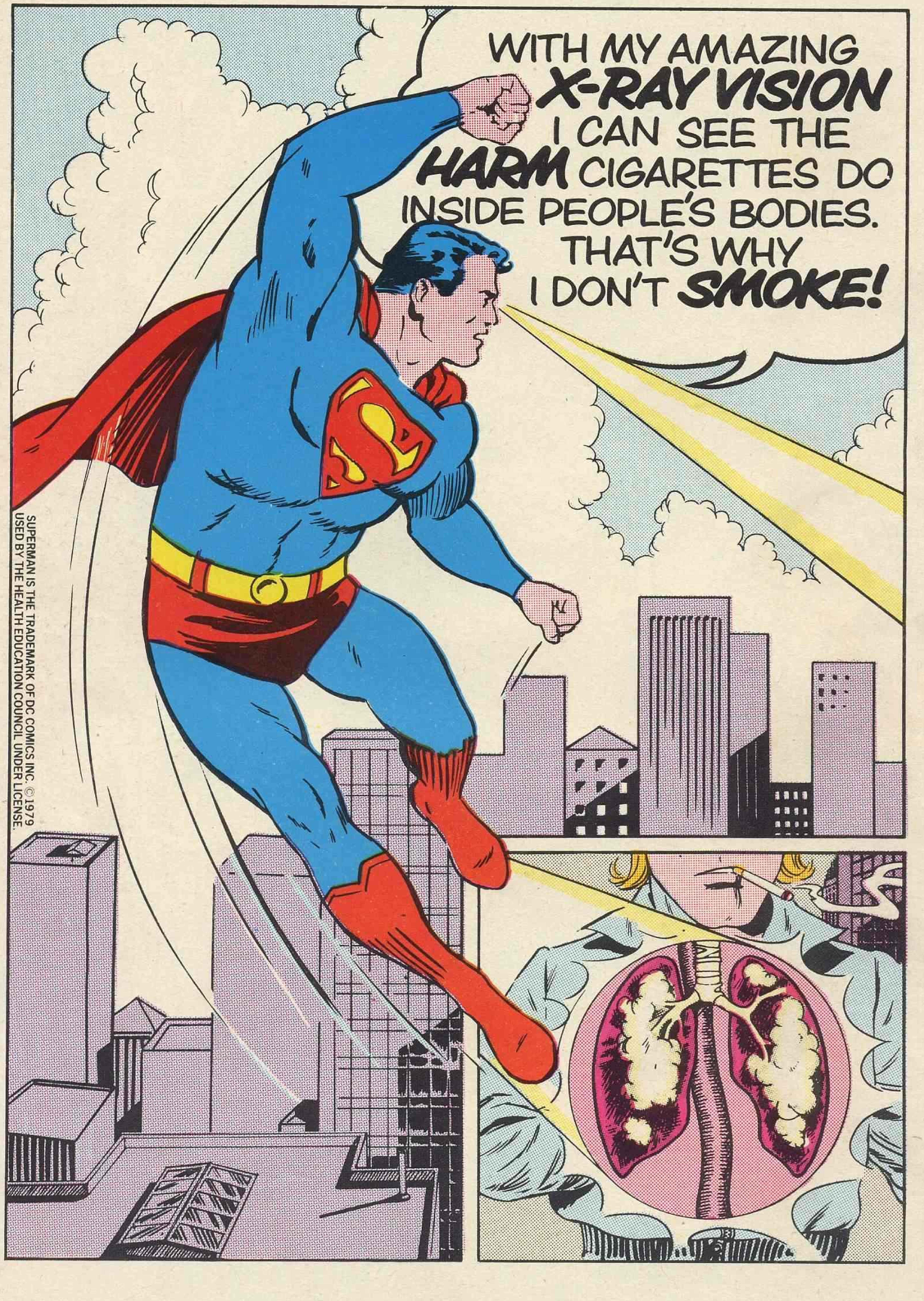
...A THING OF BEAUTY AND A JOY FOR EVER...!
HYUK, HYUK, HYUK!
AND SHORTLY THEREAFTER...
AH, I'M GOING TO MISS THIS PLACE...AND BY THE TIME WE WAKE UP, I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'LL BE ANY ANIMALS AROUND TO WORK WITH...
THEN...
STRANGE... WHERE'S GURUZ? PROBABLY SLEEPING SOMEWHERE! I'LL HAVE TO REPRIMAND HIM WHEN I FIND HIM!
BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST...
NAGARA'S THIRD EYE RELEASED THE LIGHT-SENSITIVE LOCKS TO THE "ANIMAL" PENS...
OUT YOU COME, KIN! I THINK I SHALL MISS YOU MOST OF ALL!
HUH?
AND WHEN ALL HAVE BEEN FREED FROM THEIR CAGES...
THERE... THE DOOR'S OPEN! YOU CAN ALL GO BACK TO THE WILD...FOR A FEW DAYS, AT LEAST..!
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU GO?
WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, KIN?
GNARR... ARF GRONF!
AND TO NAGARA'S ASTONISHMENT...
WHY, THEY'RE PUTTING ON A DISPLAY FOR ME...SHOWING ME ALL THE TRICKS I'VE TAUGHT THEM!
IT'S ALMOST AS IF THEY KNOW THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME THEY SEE ME!


IT JUST SHOWS I WAS RIGHT TO TREAT THEM SO WELL... LOCKING THEM UP SO THEY'D FEEL SAFE... BEATING THEM SO THEY'D LEARN DISCIPLINE...
WHAT WILL THEY DO WITHOUT ME?
AND THEN THIS DISPLAY OF FOND FAREWELL REACHES IT'S CLIMAX...
WHY, KIN'S MADE ME A HEADBAND, JUST LIKE HIS OWN! HE'S ACKNOWLEDGING HIS DEBT AND GRATITUDE TO ME AS THEIR LEADER!
AH, IT MAY BE ROUGH AND CRUDE... BUT IT'S A CROWN FIT FOR A KING! I'M... TOUCHED..!
BUT...
WAIT! THERE'S SOME SORT OF STONE IN FRONT OF MY UPPER EYE! IT'LL BLOCK OFF MY HEAT-BEAM..!
AND KIN'S MASTERPIECE HAS DONE IT'S WORK..!
LET GO OF MY HANDS, YOU LITTLE BRUTES! I MUST GET THIS THING OFF!
KIN! THIS GAME'S GONE TOO FAR! STOP IT! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
KIN?!
SO KIN PAYS OFF A DEBT, JUST AS NAGARA THOUGHT... A VERY BAD DEBT...
AND SO NAGARA NEVER DID FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED, THAT THE PLANETOID DID GO INTO ORBIT AS THE MOON. BUT THE SILURIANS SLEPT RIGHT THROUGH IT... SOME OF THEM ARE STILL ASLEEP TODAY WITH NOTHING TO RELEASE THEM FROM THEIR SUSPENDED ANIMATION... WHILE KIN AND HIS PEOPLE BEGAN A NEW LIFE UNDER A STRANGE SKY... YOUR SKY...
END.

THIS STORY IS DEDICATED TO THE CREATOR OF THE SILURIANS, THE LATE MALCOLM HULKE, WHO DIED MAY 1979 - EDITOR.


DOCTOR WHO
PIN-UP

Tom Baker as the Doctor with Romana (Mary Tamm), and a poorly K-9, in the Dr Who adventure "The Stones of Blood".


WITH MY AMAZING **X-RAY VISION** I CAN SEE THE **HARM** CIGARETTES DO INSIDE PEOPLE'S BODIES. THAT'S WHY I DON'T **SMOKE!**

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